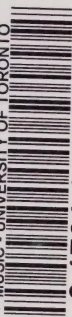


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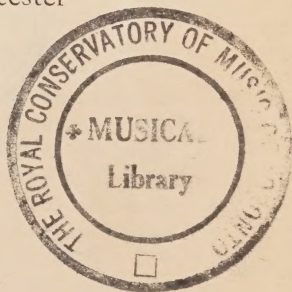
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To my Sister Grace Eleanor Hadow

Songs of the British Islands

(Curwen Edition 6179)

One Hundred National
Melodies selected and
edited for the use of Schools
By W. H. HADOW, M.A.
Mus.D., late Fellow of Worcester
College, Oxford



LONDON

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PREFACE

THE object of this volume, as of another and more important one, is 'not knowledge but action.' It will be of little service to the student or the antiquarian, whose requirements indeed are sufficiently considered elsewhere; it aims at nothing further than the practical end of providing for the use of children, at home and at school, a collection of distinctive and characteristic British songs. There is no pretence to research or discovery; almost all the tunes here presented have been already published in one or other of the great collections; where, as often happens, more than one version is in current use, I have selected that which seemed to me easiest or most attractive. In two cases (Nos. 41 and 78) I have ventured to make slight alterations in order to bring the stanza within the capacity of young singers; in all others I have followed some existing authority.

A few of the melodies can be assigned to known English composers; among others to Morley, Ford, Henry Lawes, Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Callcott, and Stevens; by far the larger number are traditional, pure folk-tunes of unknown authorship which have sprung up of themselves in our native soil. For the traditional melodies I would wish to make all acknowledgements to George Thomson's volumes of Scotch and Welsh songs, to the Petrie collection of Irish songs, to Professor Wooldridge's *Old English Popular Music*, to Sir G. A. Macfarren's '*Old English Ditties*,' to Sir C. V. Stanford's '*Songs of Ireland*,' to Mr. Arthur Somervell's '*Songs of the Four Nations*,' and to many other collections, including those of Mr. J. S. Curwen, Mr. Moffat, Mr. Kinross, and Dr. Sawyer.

The main problem has centred upon the words. Some of the old ballads are impossible; others, though innocuous enough, are unsuited either in topic or in treatment to the use of children. I have, therefore, with as sparing a hand as possible, adapted, when necessary, new words to an old tune. Some of these I have selected from the English poets, or from

current adaptations; others have been specially written for the purpose; and in this matter my thanks are particularly due to Miss Florence Hoare and the Rev. H. B. George. Frankly I do not think that this practice needs any defence. It has a precedent of over two centuries (for many of our ballad tunes were originally set to other words than those to which we sing them), nor do I see that there is any special sanctity in an eighteenth-century broadside which often does not scan, and would sometimes be better if it did not construe. The historian will, of course, consult the original version; this volume is intended not for historians, but for children singing together, and these will gain more pleasure and more advantage from our classical poets, or from lyrics in which their own tastes and sympathies are specially reflected.

The volume is divided into five sections. The first, intended for the youngest children, consists of those melodies which are simplest in character or narrowest in compass; the second and third proceed, roughly speaking, in an ascending order of difficulty; the fourth contains duets, or songs with a two-part chorus; the last adds fifteen songs without words,* to be employed for school marches, musical drill, and other instrumental uses. In selecting the melodies I have been governed to some extent by personal predilection, though, from limits of space, I have been obliged to omit many which I should have liked to include. Our British folk-tunes may be numbered literally by thousands, and most of them are good enough to find a place in any anthology. The editorial work in this collection is of little or no account: it is merely stretching out the hand and bringing it back full; but its purpose will have been sufficiently attained if it helps in any measure to encourage the use and practice of our national music.

W. H. HADOW

* Given in the Pianoforte Notation edition only.

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Songs of the British Islands

SECTION I

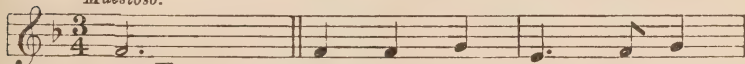
1

God save the King.

From "Harmonia Anglicana," about 1742.

Dr. JOHN BULL, 1619.

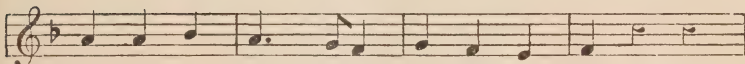
Maestoso.



KEY F.

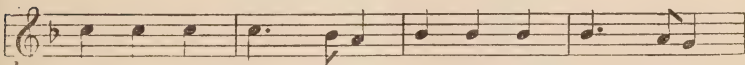
} d :- :- || d :d :r | t, :- .d :r {

1. God save our gra - cious King,
2. O Lord our God, a - rise,
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store



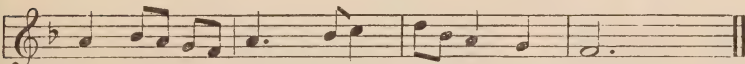
} m :m :f | m :- .r:d | r :d :t, | d : : {

Long live our no - ble King, God save the King;
Scat - ter our en - e - mies, And make them fall;
On him be pleased to pour, Long may he reign.



} s :s :s | s :- .f:m | f :f :f | f :- .m:r {

Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Con - found their pol - i - tics, Frus - trate their knav - ish tricks,
May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause



} m :f .m :r .d | m :- .f :s | l .f :m :r | d :- :- ||

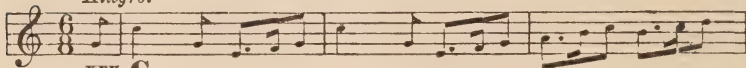
Long to reign o - ver us, God save the King.
On Thee our hopes we fix, Oh save us all.
To sing, with heart and voice, God save the King.

2

The hunt is up.

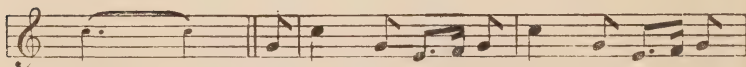
WILLIAM GRAY (P) about 1550.

16th Century

Allegro.

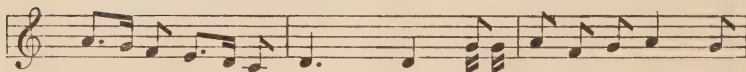
KEY C.

{ :s | d¹ :- :s | m :-f:s | d¹ :- :s | m :-f:s | l :-t:d¹ | t :-d¹:r¹ }



{ | d¹ :- :- | - :- || s | d¹ :- :s | m :-f:s | d¹ :- :s | m :-f:s }

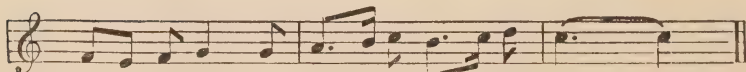
1. The hunt is up, the hunt is up, And
2. The east is bright with morn-ing light, And
3. The sun is glad to see us clad All
4. A - wake, all men, I say a - gain, Be



{ | l :-s:f | m :-r:d | r :- :- | - :- :s | l :f :s | l :- :s }

it is well nigh day,
dark - ness it is fled,
in our lus - ty green,
mer - ry as you may;

And Har-ry our King is
And the mer - ry horn wakes
And smiles in the sky as he
For Har-ry our King is



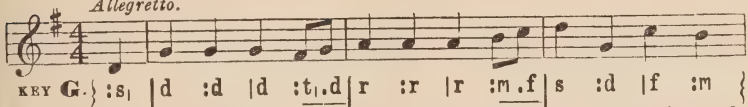
{ | f :m :f | s :- :s | l :-t:d¹ | t :-d¹:r¹ | d¹ :- :- | - :- ||

gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay.
up the morn To leave his i - dle bed.
ris - eth high To see and to be seen.
gone hunting, To bring his deer to bay.

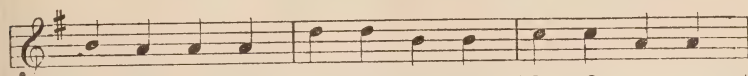
3 From Oberon in Fairyland.

From BEN JONSON.

STEVENS.

Allegretto.

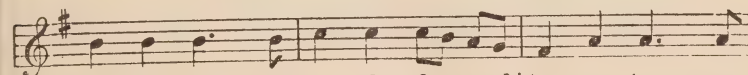
1. From O - ber - on in Fai - ry - land, The king of sprites and
 2. More swift than light'ning can we fly A - bout this air - y



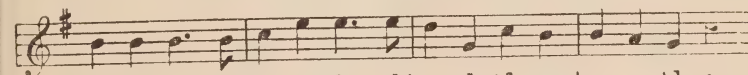
{ | m :r | r :r | s :s | m :m | f :f | r :r {
 sha - dows there, We fair - ies all, at his com - mand, Are
 wel - kin soon, And in a min - ute's space des - cry Each



{ | s :d | f :m | m. r :d. t, | d : .d | r :r | r :-r {
 sent to view the night sports here. } What rev - el rout Is
 thing that's done be - neath the moon. }



{ | m :m | m :-m | f :f | f. m :r. d | t, :r | r :-r {
 kept a - bout, In ev - 'ry cor - ner where we go; We



{ | m :m | m :-m | f :l | l :-l | s :d | f :m | m :r | d : {
 will o'er-see, And merry be, And make good sport with Ho ! ho ! ho !

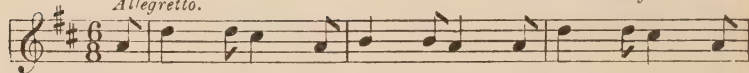


{ | s :s | m :m | f :f | r :-r | s :l | f :m | m :r | d ||
 Ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! ho ! And make good sport with Ho ! ho ! ho !

4

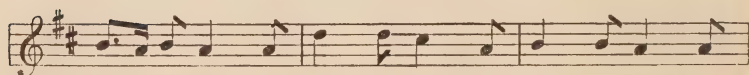
Pedlar Jim.

FLORENCE HOARE.

Tune, "The Carman's Whistle."
16th Century.*Allegretto.*

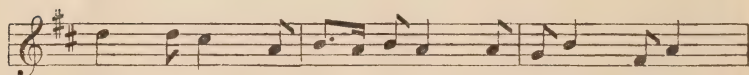
KEY D. } :s | d' :- :d' | t :- :s | l :- :l | s :- :s | d' :- :d' | t :- :s | {

1. A dust - y road is mine to tread, From grey of dawn to
 2. 'Tis hon - est toil for home-ly fare, A pen - ny here a
 3. With fai - ry tales and le - gends gay I cheer the lass - es



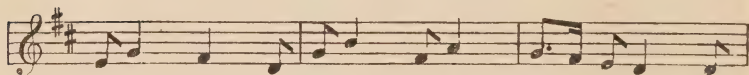
} | l :- :s : l | s :- :s | d' :- :d' | t :- :s | l :- :l | s :- :s | {

sun - set red, And slow my pace be - cause, a - lack! I've
 six - pence there, Or may - be, on my luck - y days, A
 when I may, And oft the lit - tle chil - dren cry, "Be



} | d' :- :d' | t :- :s | l :- :s : l | s :- :s | f : l :- :m : s :- : {

all my wealth up - on my back.
 seat be - side the good wife's blaze; } With needles, cottons.
 sure you call as you pass by." }



} | r : f :- :m :- :d | f : l :- :m : s :- : | f :- :m : r | d :- :d | {

silks, and lac - es, All to make the lass - es trim, The



} | f : l :- :m : s :- : | r : f :- :m :- :d | f : l :- :m : s :- : | f :- :m : r | d :- : ||

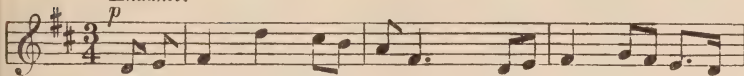
folk in all the country plac - es Welcome gladly Ped - lar Jim.

5

The last Rose of Summer.

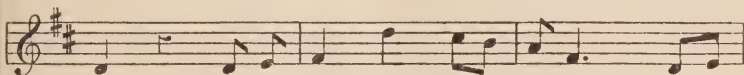
THOMAS MOORE.

Irish melody.

Andante.

KEY D. } : d . r | m : d' : t . l | s . m : — : d . r | m : f . m : r . d {

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming a -
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
3. So soon may I follow, When friendships de -



} | d : : d . r | m : d' : t . l | s . m : — : d . r {

lone, All her love - ly com - panions Are
stem ; Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go,
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The



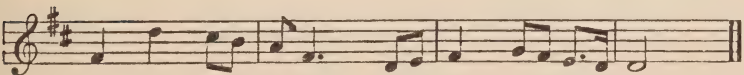
} | m : f . m : r . d | d : : s . m | d' : d' . t : l . s {

fad - ed and gone ; No flow'r of her
sleep thou with them. Thus kind - ly I
gems drop a - way ! When true hearts lie



} | s . m : — : s . m | d' : d' . t : l . se | l . t : d' : d . r {

kindred, No rose - bud is nigh To re -
scatter Thy leaves o'er the bed When thy
wither'd, And fond ones are flown, Oh !



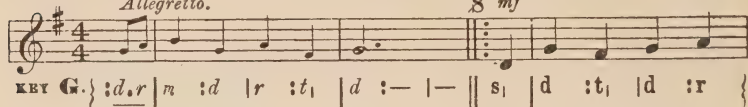
} | m : d' : t . l | s . m : — : d . r | m : f . m : r . d | d : — ||

flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
mates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.
who would in - habit This bleak world a - lone ?

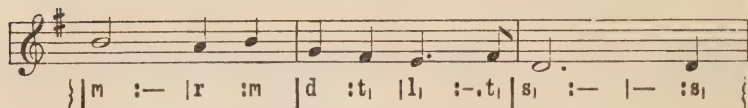
6 You gentlemen of England.

MARTYN PARKER.

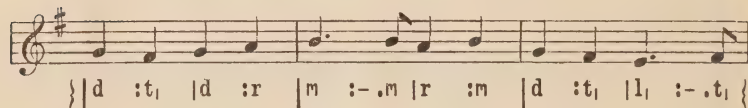
Tune, "Sailors for my money," 1630.

*Allegretto.*8 *mf*

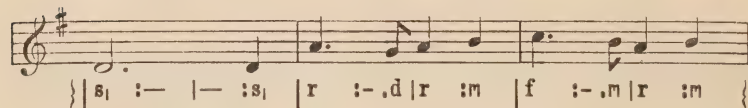
1. You gen - tle - men of
2. The sail - or must have
3. If en - e - mies op -
4. Sometimes in Na - ture's



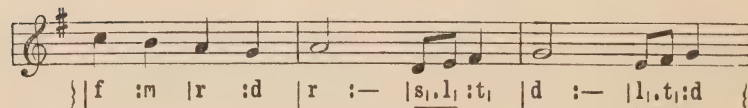
Eng - land	That live at home at ease,	How
cour - age,	No dan - ger he must shun;	In
pose us,	And Eng - land is at war	With
bo - som	Our ship is toss'd by waves,	And



lit - tle	do you think up - on	The dan - ger of the
ev - 'ry	kind of wea - ther	His course he still must
an - y	for - eign na - tion,	We fear not wound or
ev - 'ry	man ex - pect - ing	The sea to be our



seas;	Give ear un - to the mar - in - ers, And
run;	Now mount - ed on the top - mast, How
scar;	To hum - ble them, come on, lads, Their
graves;	Then up a - loft she's mount - ed, And



they will plain - ly	show	All the cares	and the
dreadful 'tis be - low!		Then we ride,	as the
flags we'll soon lay low;		Clear the way	for the
down a - gain so low		In the waves	on the

D.S. vs. 2,3,4.



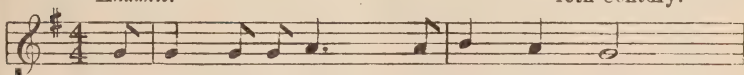
{ | r :— | t, . d : r | m : d | r : t, | d :— | — ||

fears	When the	storm-y	winds do	blow.
tide,	When the	storm-y	winds do	blow.
fray,	Tho' the	storm-y	winds do	blow.
seas	When the	storm-y	winds do	blow.

7

Come, live with me.

MARLOWE.

*Andante.*Tune, "Thou wilt not go."
18th Century.

KEY G. { : (d) | d : d . d | r :— . r | m : r | d :— {

1. Come, live with me	and be	my	love,
2. There will we sit	up- on	the	rocks,
3. There shep- herd	swains	shall dance	and sing



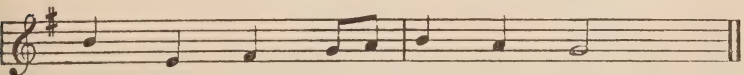
{ | d : d . d | r :— . r | m : r | d :— . d {

And we will all	the plea -	sures prove	That
And see the shep -	herds feed	their flocks	By
For thy de - light	each May	morn - ing;	If



{ | d : r . m | f :— . f | m : m | r :— . r {

hill and val -	ley, dale	and field,	And
shal - low riv -	ers to	whose falls	Me -
these de - lights	thy mind	may move,	Then



{ | m : l, | t, : d . r | m : r | d :— ||

all the crag -	gy moun -	tains yield.
lo - dious birds	sing mad -	ri - gals.
live with me	and be	my love.

8

Spring Song.

THOMAS PHILIPSON.
Allegretto.

Tune, "Youth's the season," 17th century.

KEY G. | s₁ :— | : || s₁ :d | t₁ :d | r . d : r . m | r :— {

1. Hark! the ti - ny cow - slip bell
2. Spring has come to make us glad,

| s₁ :d | t₁ :d | r :— | d : | s₁ :d | t₁ :d {

In the breeze is ring - ing; Birds in ev - 'ry
Let us give her greet - ing; Win - ter days were

| r . d : r . m | r :— | s₁ :d | t₁ :d | r :— | d : {

wood-land dell Songs of joy are sing - ing.
cold and sad, Win-ter's reign is fleet - ing.

| m : r . d | r :— | m : r . d | r :— | m : r . m | f . m : r . m {

Winter is o'er, Spring once more Spreads a - broad her
Hearts are gay, Blithe as Mav, Dance and sport the

| f . m : r . d | r :— | s₁ :d | t₁ :d {

gold - en store, Hark! the ti - ny
live - long day, Spring has come to

| r . d : r . m | r :— | s₁ :d | t₁ :d | r :— | d : {

cow - slip bell In the breeze is ring - ing.
make us glad, Let us give her greet - ing.

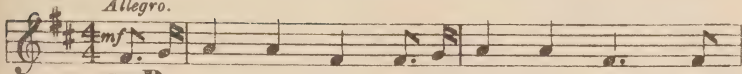
D.S.

9

John Peel.

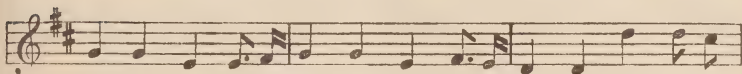
J. W. GRAVES
Allegro.

North Country Song.

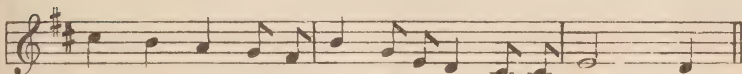


KEY D.

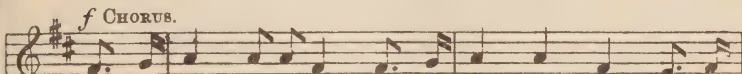
{ :m .,f | s :s | m :m .,f | s :s | m :- .m {
 1. D' ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray? D'ye
 2. Yes, I ken John Peel, and auld Ru - by too,
 3. And I've followed John Peel both often and far, O'er the



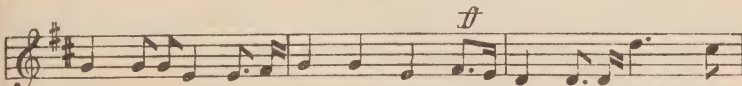
{ | f :f | r :r .m | f :f | r :m .,r | d :d | d' :d' .t {
 ken John Peel at the break of day? D' ye ken John Peel when he's
 Ranter and Royal, and Bellman true; From the drag to the chase, from the
 ras - per fence, and the gate and the bar, From Low Denton Holme to



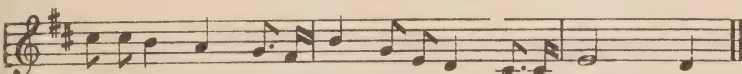
{ | t :l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t .t | r :- | d ||
 far a - way With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
 chase to the view, From the view to the death in the morn - ing.
 Scratchmere Scar, When we vied for the brush in the morn - ing.



{ :m .,f | s :s .s | m :m .,f | s :s | m :r .m {
 'Twas the sound of his horn call'd me from my bed, And the



{ | f :f .f | r :r .m | f :f | r :m .,r | d :d .d | d' :- .t {
 cry of his hounds has me oft-times led, For Peel's view hallo would



{ | t .t :l | s :f .m | l :f .r | d :t .t | r :- | d ||
 waken the dead, Or a fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

10

Begone, Dull Care.

Traditional.

*Allegro.**f*

Tune, "The Queen's Jig," about 1700.

1. Be-gone, Dull Care! I

pri- thee be-gone from me, Be-gone, Dull

Care! Thou and I shall nev-er a-gree. Long

time hast thou been tarry-ing here, And fain thou wouldst me

kill, But indeed, Dull Care! Thou

nev-er shalt have thy will.

f

2. Too much care will

make a young man turn grey, And too much

care will turn an old man to clay. So

I will dance and I will sing, And mer-ri-ly pass the

day, For I hold it ev-er the wis - est thing To

drive Dull Care a - way.

11

Gather ye rosebuds.

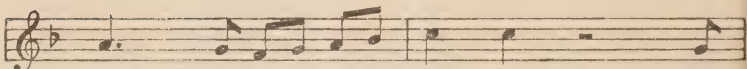
HERRICK.

HENRY LAWES.

Andante.

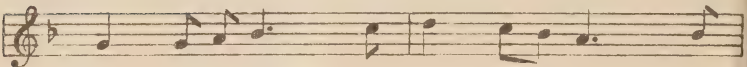
KEY F. } : (s) | s . s : s | s : f | m : r | d : m {

- | | | | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|------------|------|-----|
| 1. Gather ye | rose - buds | while ye | may, | Old |
| 2. The glori - ous | lamp of heav'n, | the sun, | The | |
| 3. That age is | best which is | the first, | When | |
| 4. Gather ye | rose - buds | while ye | may, | Old |



} m :- . r | d . r : m . f | s : s | : . (r) {

Time	is still	a -	fly - ing,	
high	- er he	is	get - ting,	The
youth	and blood	are	warm - er ;	But
Time	is still	a -	fly - ing,	



} r :- . r . m | f :- . s | l : s . f | m :- . f {

And	the same flower	that blooms	to - day,	To -
soon - er	will	his race	be run,	And
be - ing	spent,	the worse	and worst	Times
And	the same flower	that blooms	to - day,	To -



} s : f . m | r :- . d | d : d | : ||

mor - row	may	be dy - ing.
near - er	he's	to set - ting.
still	suc - ceed	the form - er.
mor - row	may	be dy - ing.

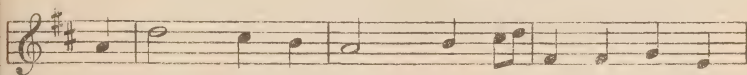
12 The Blue Bell of Scotland.

Traditional. Arr. by MRS. JORDAN.

Attr. to MRS. JORDAN.

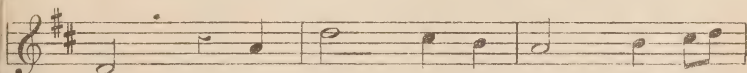
Andante.

KEY D. } :s | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t.d' | m :m | f :r | d :— | ||



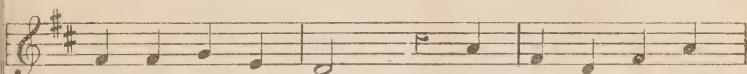
} :s | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t.d' | m :m | f :r {

1. Oh where, and oh where is your Highland lad - die
2. Oh where, and oh where does your Highland lad - die
3. Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your Highland lad should



} d :— | :s | d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t.d' {

gone? Oh where, and oh where is your
 dwell? Oh where, and oh where does your
 die? Sup - pose, and sup - pose that your



} m :m | f :r | d :— | :s | m :d | m :s {

Highland lad - die gone? He's gone to fight the
 Highland lad - die dwell? He dwells in mer - ry
 Highland lad should die? The bag-pipes should play



} d' :— | l :t.d' | t :s | l :fe | s :— | l :t {

foe for King George up-on the throne, And it's
 Scot - land at the sign of the Blue Bell, And it's
 o'er him and I'd lay me down and cry, But it's



} d' :— | t :l | s :— | l :t.d' | m :m | f :r | d :— | — ||

oh! in my heart how I wish him safe at home.
 oh! in my heart that I love my lad - die well.
 oh! in my heart that I wish he may not die.

13

Past three o'clock.

(SONG OF THE WATCHMEN.)

JAMES FORTESCUE.

Tune, "The London Waits."

CHORUS. *Andante*.

(17th century).

KEY G. } | d : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁, s₁ | d . r : m : m | s : - : r {

Past three o' - clock, and a cold frost-y morn - ing:

| d : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d . r : m : r | d : - : - ||

Past three o' - clock, good morrow, masters all.

♫ SOLO (or a few voices).

| d : r : m | r : - : d | r : d : r | m : d : - {

1. While in your beds you're peace-ful - ly sleep-ing.
2. We go the round, you rest at your lei - sure,
3. When morning breaks, and slum-ber is end - ed,

| d . t₁ : d . r : m . f | r : - : d | r : d : r | m : l : - ||

Un - der the stars our watch we are keep-ing.
Safe is your house and safe is your trea-sure.
Give us your thanks, your homes who've de - fend-ed.

pp CHORUS.

| d : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁, s₁ | d . r : m : m | s : - : r {

Past three o' - clock, and a cold frost-y morn - ing:

D.S. vs 2, 3.

| d : l₁ : l₁ | s₁ : - : s₁ | d . r : m : r | d : - : - ||

Past three o' - clock, good morrow, masters all.

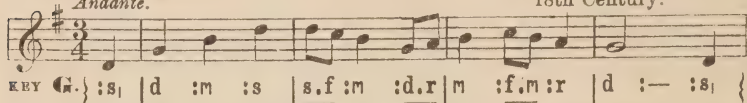
15 The Blind Beggar's Daughter.

Traditional Ballad.

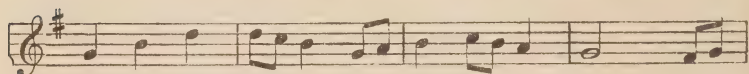
Tune, "Admiral Benbow."

Andante.

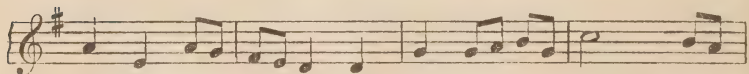
18th Century.



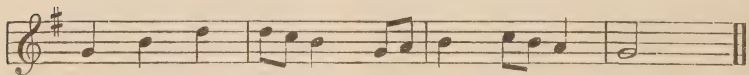
1. It was a blind beg- gar had long lost his sight, He
 2. But al-though she was of a fa - your most fair, Yet
 3. Four suit- ors at once then un - to her did go; They
 4. But soon af - ter this, by the break of the day A



had a fair daughter of beau-ty most bright; And
 see - ing she was but a poor beg - gar's heir, Of
 crav - ed her fa - vour, but still she said no; I
 knight had from Rum-ford stole Bes - see a - way. The



ma - ny a gal - lant brave suit - or had she, For
 an - cient house-keep-ers de - spis - ed was she, Whose
 would not wish gen - tles to mar - ry with me; Yet
 young men of Rum-ford as thick as might be, Rode



none was so come-ly as pret - ty Bes - see.
 son: came as suit - ors to pret - ty Bes - see.
 ev - er they hon - oured their pret - ty Bes - see.
 aft - er to fetch her, their pret - ty Bes - see.

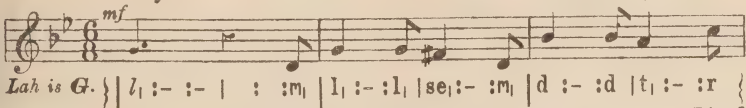
5 So then the fair Bessee was matched to the knight,
 And then made a lady in others' despite;
 A lady more beauteous there never was seen
 Than the blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green.

6 Thus all things were ended with joy and delight,
 A bridegroom most happy then was the young knight;
 In joy and felicity long lived he,
 All with his fair lady, the pretty Bessee.

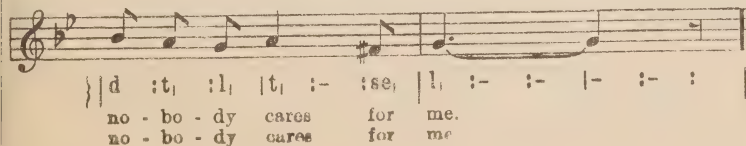
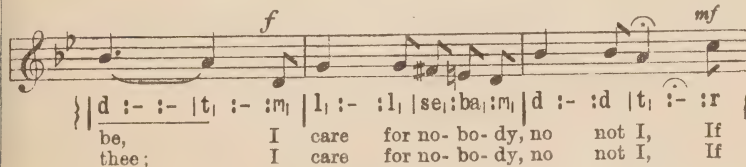
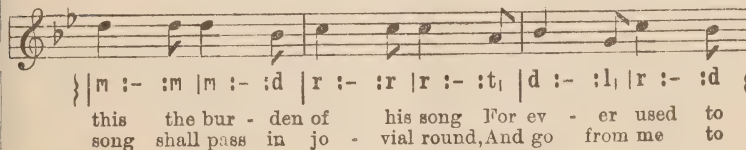
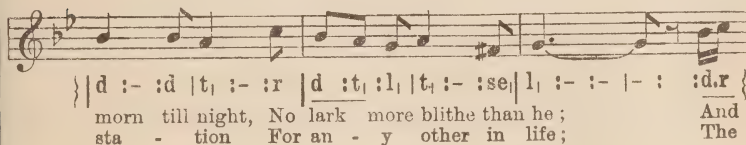
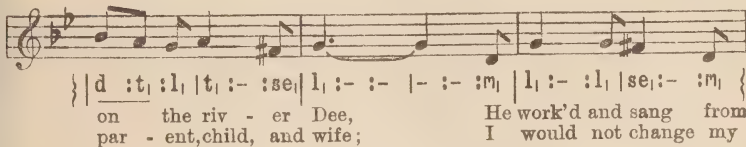
16

The Jolly Miller.

From "Love in a Village," 1762. Tune, "The budgeon it is a delicate trade."
Poco allegro. 17th Century.



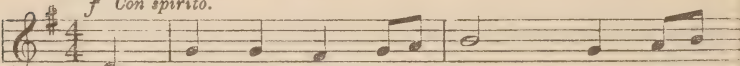
1. There was a jol - ly mill - er once Lived
 2. I live by my mill, she is to me Like



17 A song, a song for England.

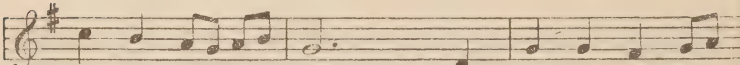
From "The Children's Song-book."

Traditional.

f Con spirito.



KEY G. } :s₁ | d :d | t₁ :d .r | m :— | d :r .m {

1. A song, a song for Eng - - land, Her
2. A song, a song for Eng - - land, And



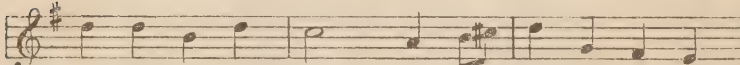
} f :m | r .d :r .m | d :— | — :s₁ | d :d | t₁ :d .r {

woods and val - leys green : Hur-rah! for good old
may we ev - er be The true and loy - al




} m :— | d :r .m | f :m | r .d :r .m | d :— | — :m .f {

Eng - land, And Eng-land's King and Queen. Stout
chil - dren Of our home a - mid the sea. She




} s :s | m :s | f :— | r :m .fe | s :d | t₁ :l₁ {

ships up - on her wa - ters, Firm friends with-in her
is our mo - ther coun - try, She gives us gifts in



} s₁ :— | — :s₁ | d :d | t₁ :d .r | m :— | d :r .m {

shores, With peace with-in her bor - ders, And
store, And we will do her ser - vice, And



} f :m | r .d :r .m | d :— | — :m .f {

plen - ty in her stores.
love her ev - er - more.

18

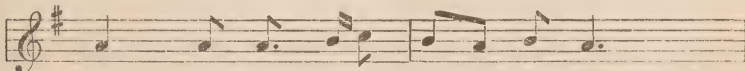
Out of doors.

FLORENCE HOARR.

Tune given by Shakespeare
as "Calen o custure me."*mf Allegro non troppo.*

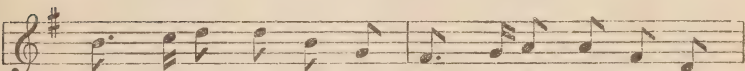
KEY G. { | m :- :m | m :- .r:m | f :- :f | m :- :- } }

1. Hill or val - ley or gale - sweptlea,
 2. Sweet the king - dom of flow'rs and bees,
 3. With the cat - tle a - cross the moors,



{ | r :- :r | r :- .m:f | m :r :m | r :- :- } }

Out of doors is the life so free;
 Soft the rus - tle of sway - ing trees;
 Or the her - ring boats round the shores;

{ | m :- .f:s | s :m :d | t₁ :- .d:r | r :t₁ :s₁ } }

Sum - mer light shim-mer-ing, Win - ter night glim-mer-ing,
 Birds sing-ing cheer-i - ly, Winds pip-ing mer-ri - ly,
 There is no strife in it, Mu - sic is rife in it,

{ | s₁ :d :- | d :- .r:m | r :- .d:r | d :- :- || }

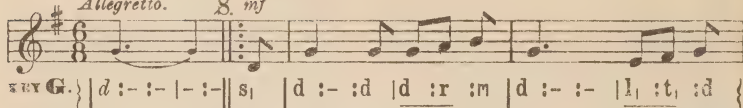
There's no path but is beck - on-ing me.
 Where are mel - o - dies bright - er than these?
 Gay the life of it, life out of doors.

19

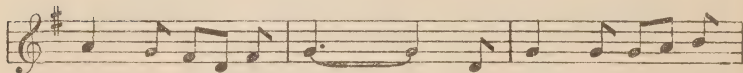
Land and Sea.

Rev. H. B. GEORGE.

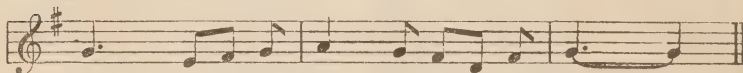
Irish Melody.

*Allegretto.**G. mf*

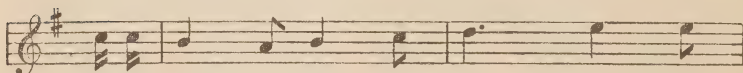
1. 'Tis good to ga - ther flow - ers When
2. 'Tis good in sum - mer wea - ther In
3. 'Tis good while au - tumn lin - gers A -
4. 'Tis good in win - try wea - ther, When



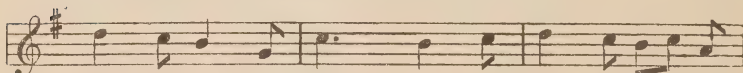
all the earth is gay, When af - ter A - pril
 sun - ny fields to play, To hide a - mong the
 mong the woods to roam, With blackberries stain our
 all the world is white, To slide and skate to -



show - ers Re - turns the mer - ry May.
 hea - ther, Or toss the dry - ing hay.
 fin - gers, And bring the ripe nuts home.
 ge - - ther From ear - ly morn till night.

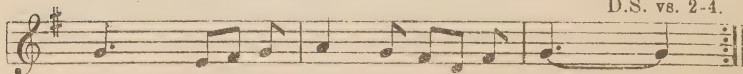


But the sea, the sea, we love it, How -



e'er the sea - sons move it, Blue as the sky a -

D.S. vs. 2-4.



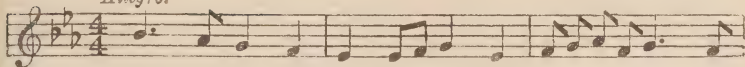
bove it Or dark with driv - ing rain.

20

Hark! the summons.

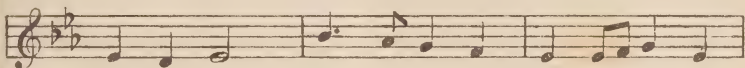
Traditional.

Welsh Melody, "Nos Calan."

Allegro.

KEY Eb. | s :-f | m :r | d :d.r | m :d | r.m:f.r | m :-r {

1. Hark! the summons, come, my fel - lows, Fa la la la la la
2. Shepherds, quit your cares for plea-sure, Fa la la la la la
3. Toil and trou-ble lie be - hind us, Fa la la la la la
4. Quick, join hands, and foot it feat-ly, Fa la la la la la



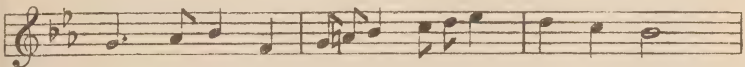
| d :t, | d :- | s :-f | m :r | d :d.r | m :d {

- | | | | |
|-----------|------------------------|------------|------------|
| la la la! | Crown your hats with | hol - ly | ber - ry, |
| la la la! | Fish - ers, leave your | nets and | wherry, |
| la la la! | Think no more of | chan - ces | drea - ry, |
| la la la! | In the dance we | ne'er can | wea - ry, |



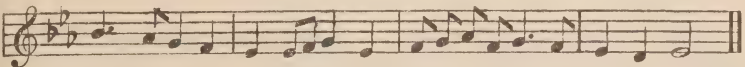
| r.m:f.r | m :-r | d :t, | d :- | r :-m | f :r {

- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|----------------------|
| Fa la la la la | la la la la! | Hark! the peal - ing |
| Fa la la la la | la la la la! | This must be a |
| Fa la la la la | la la la la! | While the well-known |
| Fa la la la la | la la la la! | To the harp that |



| m :-f | s :r | m.fe:s | l.t:d' | t :l | s :- {

- | | | | |
|----------------------|----------|----------|-----------|
| bells that tell us, | Fa la la | la la la | la la la! |
| night of lei - sure, | Fa la la | la la la | la la la! |
| strains re-mind us, | Fa la la | la la la | la la la! |
| sounds so sweetly, | Fa la la | la la la | la la la! |



| s :-f | m :r | d :d.r | m :d | r.m:f.r | m :-r | d :t, | d :- ||

- 1,2,3. 'Tis the eve of new year merry, Fa la la la la la la la!
4. On the eve of new year merry, Fa la la la la la la la!

21

Golden Slumbers.

Traditional.

Andante.

Tune, "May Fair," 17th Century.

pp

KEY A. } | s₁ :- :- | s₁ :- :- || s₁ :m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :- :m {

1. Gold - en slum - bers
2. Care you know not,

| r :- :d | l₁ :- :- | s₁ :m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :- :m {

kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you
there - fore sleep, While I o'er you

| r :- :d | r :- :- | r :m :f | s :f :m {

when you rise. } Sleep, pret-ty darl - ing,
watch do keep. }

| f :m :r | d :t₁ :s₁ | d :m :- | l₁ :r :- {

do not cry, And I will sing a

| s₁ :t₁ :- | d :- :- | s₁ :r :- | s₁ :- :- {

lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

| s₁ :r :- | s₁ :- :- | r :- :- | l₁ :t₁ | d :- :- | s₁ :- :- {

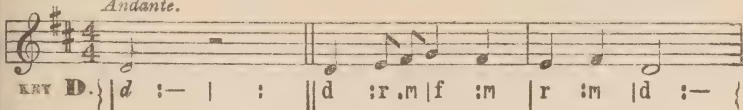
lul - la - by, lul - la - by.

22 Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow.

16th Century.

Andante.

16th Century.



1. Now, Robin, lend to me thy bow,
2. Her master in the arch-er's craft



} | d' :t.l |s :- .m|f :s |m :- .m |f.s:l.t |d' :-s {
Sweet Robin, lend to me thy bow, For I must now a-hunt-ing
A little wing - ed boy is he, And wing-ed too the hart must



} | t .l:s .f |m :- .m |m :l |s :fe |s :- | : {
with my Lady go, With my sweet La - dy go:
be that 'scapes the shaft Of my be - lov'd La - dy.



} | d :r.m|f :m | r :m |d :- |d' :t.l |s :- .m {
My Lady is an arch-er rare, And in the green-wood
Sweet Wilkin, prithee, take my bow, And take my hawk and



} | f :s |m :- .m |f.s:l.t |d' :-s {
go - eth she; There nev-er was an arch - er
hound al - so; Right mer-ri-ly a - hunt - ing

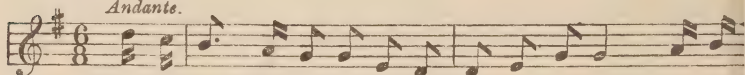


} | t .l:s .f |m :- .s |l :r' |d' :t |d' :- | : {
yet that could compare In skill with my La - dy.
with thy Lady go, With thy sweet la - dy go.

23 The Meeting of the Waters.

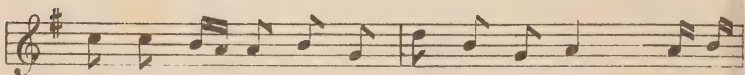
THOMAS MOORE.

Irish melody.

Andante.

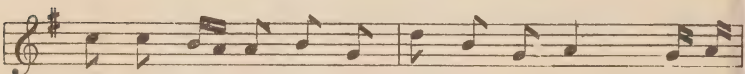
KEY G. } : s . f | m : - . r : d | d : l : s | s : l : d | d : - : r . m {

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that
3. 'Twas that friends, the be-lov'd of my bo-som, were near, Who made



} | f : f : m . r | r : m : d | s : m : d | r : - : r . m {

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet ; Oh, the
ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant-ment more dear, And who



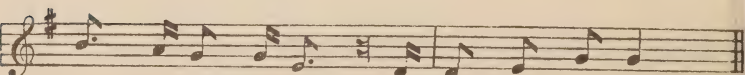
} | f : f : m . r | r : m : d | s : m : d | r : - : d . r {

last rays of feel - ing and life must de - part, Ere the
felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove When we



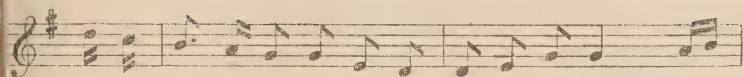
} | m : - . r : d | d : l : - . s | s : l : d | f : - : s . f {

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love, When we



} | m : - . r : d | d . l : - : s | s : l : d | d : - : ||

bloom of that val-ley shall fade from my heart
see them re - flect-ed from looks that we love.



{ :s .f | m :-r:d. | d :l, :s, | s, :l, :d | d :- :r.m }

2. Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her
4. Sweet vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest In thy



{ | f :f :m.r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :r.m }

pur - est of crys - tal and brightest of green, 'Twas
bo - som of shade with the friends I love best, Where the



{ | f :f :m.r | r :m :d | s :m :d | r :- :d.r }

not the soft ma - gic of streamlet or hill, Oh
storms which we feel in this cold world would cease, And our



{ | m :-r:d | d :l, :-s, | s, :l, :d | f :- :s.f }

no! it was some-thing more ex - qui - site still, Oh,
hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our



{ | m :-r:d | d.l, :- :s, | s, :l, :d | d :- ||

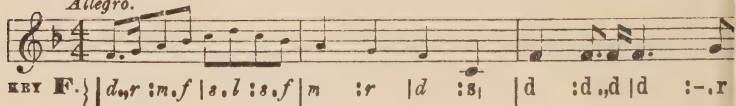
no! it was something more ex - qui - site still.
hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

24

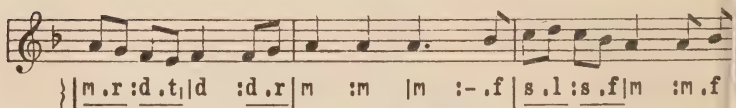
The Farmer's Song.

FLORENCE HOARE.

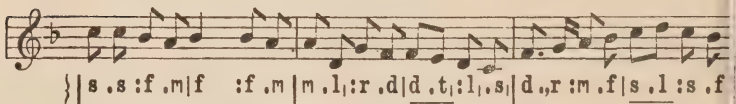
SUSSEX TUNE.

Allegro.

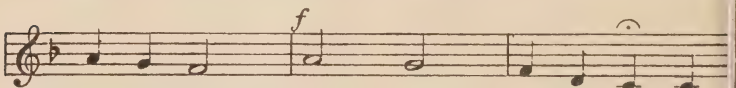
1. A - way in the morn - in
2. Some folk have a taste fo
3. Out there in the fields, it



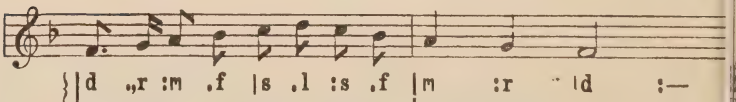
light I go, The good brown earth to till and hoe, And i
pos - ies fine, For ros - es red and col - um - bine, But a
seems to me, Are sights e - nough for folk to see, Each



matters not to me If the birds should silent be, For the music of the plough is th
tho' they may be right, To me a fin - er sight Is a harvest field a - waving with i
furrow straight and true, Or the corn that's springing thro', Is a picture that's as fine as



song for me: Turn, turn, good brown earth, You'
gold and white. Turn, turn, good brown earth, You'
want to view. Turn, turn, good brown earth, You'



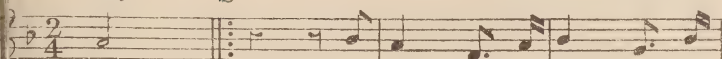
dear to ev - 'ry farmer, for he knows your worth.
dear to ev - 'ry farmer, for he knows your worth.
dear to ev - 'ry farmer, for he knows your worth.

5

The Keel Row.

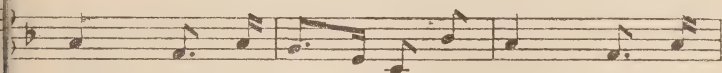
Traditional.

Tyneside Song

Allegretto. 8

Y F. } | m : — || : .f | m : d „m | f : r „f {

1. As I cam' thro' Sand-gate, Thro'
2. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue



} | m : d „m | r „t | s | .f | m : d „m {

Sand - gate, thro' Sand - gate, As I cam' thro'
bon - net, blue bon - net, He wears a blue

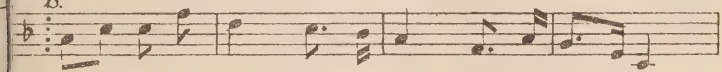
D.S.



} | f : r „f | m „d : r „t | d : ||

Sand - gate I heard a lass - ie sing :
bon - net, A dim - ple in his chin.

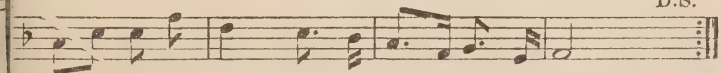
8.



} | m .s : s .d | l : s „f | m : d „m | r „t | s | {

“Weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row,
“Weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row,

D.S.



} | m .s : s .d | l : s „f | m „d : r „t | d : — ||

Weel may the keel row That my lad-die's in.”
Weel may the keel row That my lad-die's in.”

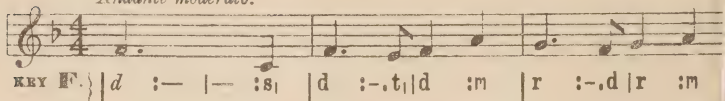
SECTION II

26

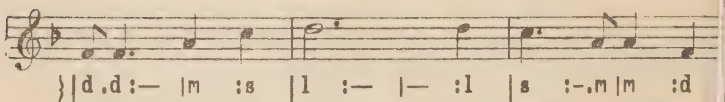
Auld Lang Syne.

BURNS.

Scottish Air.

Andante moderato.

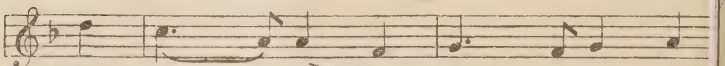
1. Should auld acquaintance be forgot, And
2. We twa hae run a - bout the braes, And
3. We twa hae paid - l't i' the burn Frae
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And



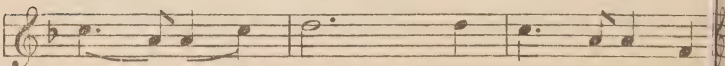
never brought to min'? Should auld acquaintance
 pu'd the gow-ans fine, But we've wan-der'd mony a
 morning sun till dine, But seas be-tween us
 gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'



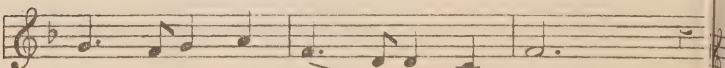
be for-got, And days o' lang syne?
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roar'd Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind - ness yet For auld lang syne.



For auld lang syne, my dear, For



auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o'



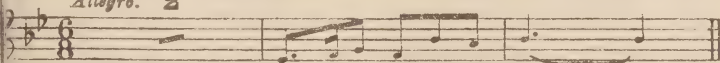
kind-ness yet For auld lang syne.

7 The roast beef of Old England.

First verse by HENRY FIELDING.

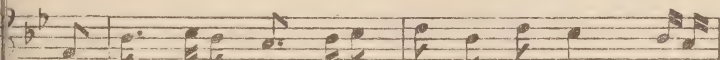
The rest added by LEVERIDGE.

Tune by LEVERIDGE, 1728.

Allegro. 2



Two measures
Symphony.

f | :-s: | l: | s: | d: | t: | d: | :- | :- | :- | :- ||



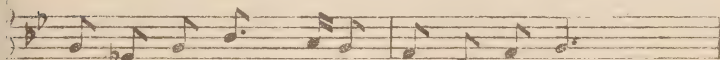
| s: | d: | -r: | d: | t: | -d: | r: | m: | d: | m: | r: | -d: | t: | }

1. When might-y roast beef was an Eng-lish-man's food It en-
 2. Our fa - thers of old were re - bust, stout, and strong, And
 3. In those days if fleets did pre - sume on the main, They



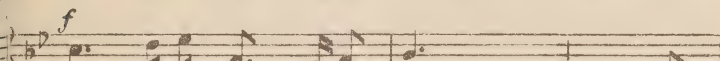
| d: | -r: | d: | t: | -l: | s: | l: | r: | fe: | s: | :- | s: | }

no - bled our veins And en - rich - ed our blood; Our
 kept o - pen house with good cheer all day long, Which
 sel - dom or nev - er re - turned back a - gain, As



| l: | f: | l: | d: | -t: | l: | s: | m: | s: | l: | :- | :- | }

sol - diers were brave and our cour - tiers were good.
 made their plump ten - ants re - joice in this song:
 wit - ness the vaunt - ing Ar - ma - da of Spain.



| r: | -m: | f: | t: | -l: | t: | d: | :- | :- | s: | :- | m: | }

O! the roast beef of Old Eng - land, And



| f: | -s: | l: | s: | d: | t: | d: | :- | :- | :- | :- | }

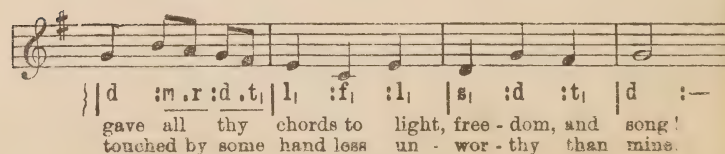
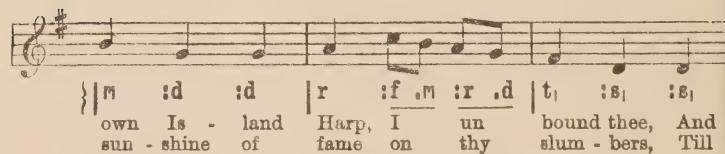
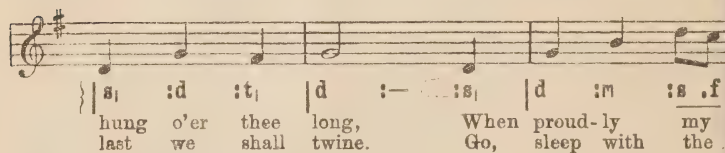
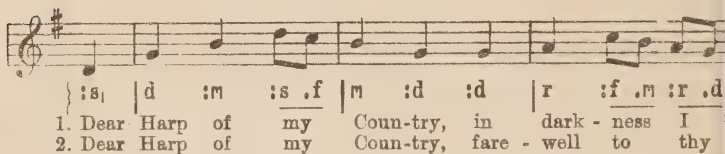
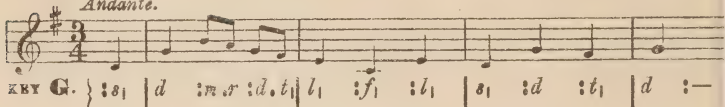
O! the old Eng-lish roast beef.

28

Dear Harp of my Country.

THOMAS MOORE.

Welsh Melody, "Llwyn Onn."

Andante.

The warm lay of love and the light note of
If the pulse of the pa - tri - ot, sol - dier, or

glad - ness Have wak - en'd thy fond - est, thy
lov - er Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy

live - li - est thrill; But so oft hast thou
glo - ry a - lone; It was but as the

ech - oed the deep sigh of sad - ness, That
wind pass - ing heed - less - ly o - ver, And

e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.
all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

29

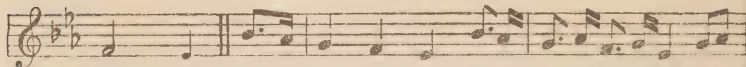
The Bailiff's Daughter.

Old Ballad.

Traditional.

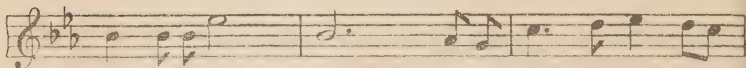
Semplice.

KEY Eb. } : s , f | m : r | d : s , f | m , f : r , m | d : s | l : f | m : r {



} | r : - | d || s , f | m : r | d : s , f | m , f : r , m | d : m . f {

1. There was a youth and a well beloved youth. And
2. But when his friends did understand His
3. When seven long years had passed away, She



} | s : s . s | d' : - | s : - | - : f . m | l : - . t | d' : t . l {

he was a squire's son ; And he loved the bailiff's
fond and foolish mind, They sent him off to
put on mean attire, And she set out to



} | s : f | m : d | m . r : d . x | d : t | d : - | - ||

daughter fair Who lived at Islington.
London Town Apprentice for to bind.
London Town About him to enquire.

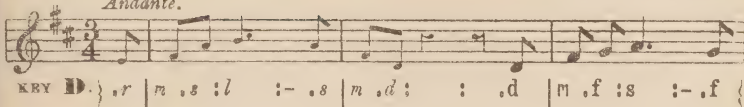
- 4 And as she passed along the highway, 6 "Oh, I was born at Islington."
The weather being hot and dry, "Then tell me if you know
She sat her down upon a green bank The Bailiff's daughter of that town?"
And her true love came riding by. "She died, sir, long ago."
- 5 "Oh! give me a penny, thou 'prentice 7 "If she be dead, then take my horse,
Relieve a maid forlorn." [good, My saddle and bridle also,
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart, For I will to some distant land,
Pray tell me where you were born?" Where no man shall me know."
- 8 "Oh stay, oh stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side:
She is alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride."

30

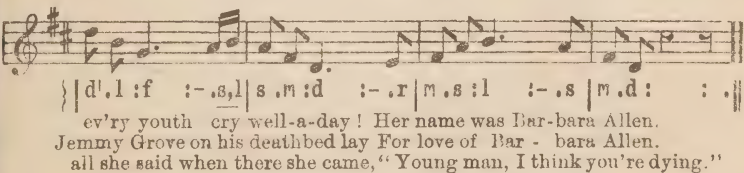
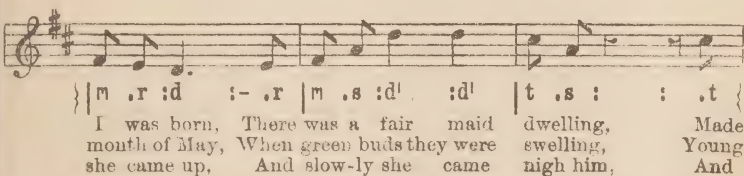
Barbara Allen.

Old Ballad.

Traditional.

Andante.

1. In Scarlet Town, where
2. All in the mer - ry
3. Then slowly, slow - ly



- 4 When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow."

- 5 She on her death-bed as she lay,
Begged to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

- 6 "Farewell," she said, "ye maidens all,
And shun the fault I fell in ;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

31 Now here's to the kingdom.

FLORENCE HIGARE.

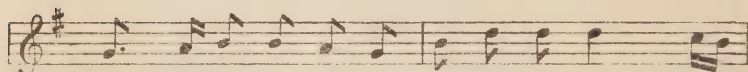
Tune, "Come, let us prepare," 1739.

Allegretto vivace.

KEY G.

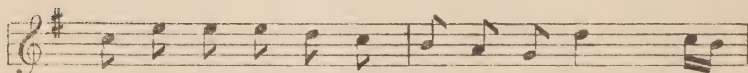
{ :s, | d :-r:m | m :r :d | t, :-d:r | r :d :t, {

1. Now here's to the king-dom, and here's to the King, The
2. All praise to our sail-ors, so dauntless and brave, All
3. The chime of our joy-bells shall sound far and near, Our



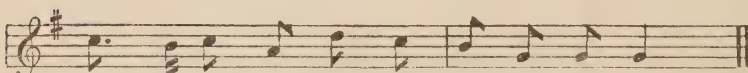
{ | d :-r:m | m :r :d | m :s :s | s :- :f.m {

joy - bells of Eng-land shall mer-ri - ly ring, For
 praise to our ves - sels that breasted the wave; The
 foe - men to trou-ble, our peo - ple to cheer, And



{ | f :l :l | l :s :f | m :r :d | s :- :f.m {

o - ver the wa - ters lie scat-tered in vain The
 shield of our mon-arch no fail - ure shall dim, For
 ev - 'ry true heart shall with grat - i - tude sing, Good



{ | f :-m:f | r :s :f | m :d :d | d :- ||

cruis - ers that challenged the ships of our main.
 love nerves the arms that are fight - ing for him.
 luck to the king - dom, good health to the King.

32

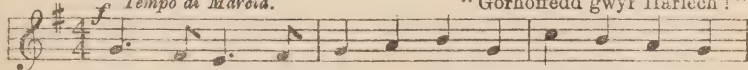
Men of Harlech.

JOHN GUARD.

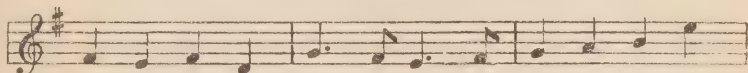
Old Welsh Melody,

Tempo di Marcia.

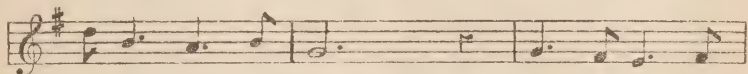
"Gorhoffedd gwŷr Harlech!"



1. Tongues of fire on Id - ris Har - ing, News of foe - men
 2. Loud the mar - tial pipes are sounding, Ev - 'ry man - ly



near de - clar - ing, To he - ro - ic deeds of dar - ing
 heart is bounding, As our trust - ed chief sur - round - ing,



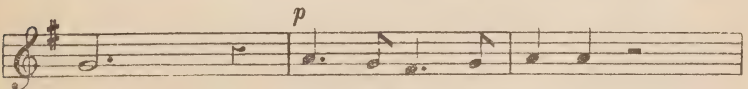
Call you, Har - lech men. Groans of wound - ed
 March we, Har - lech men. Short the sleep the



pea - sants dy - ing, Walls of wives and chil - dren fly - ing,
 foe is tak - ing; Ere the mor - row's morn is breaking,



For the dis - tant suc - cour cry - ing, Call you, Har - lech
 They shall have a rude a - wak - ing, Roused by Har - lech



men. Shall the voice of wailing
 men. Mo - thers, cease your weeping,

cres



{ | s :- .f | m :- .f | s : s | : | s :- .f | m :- .f | }

Now be un - a - vail - ing You to rouse, who
Calm may be your sleeping, You and yours in.

con - - - *do.* *f*



{ | s :- .f | m :- .f | s . l : s . f | m . r : m . f | s : s | : | }

nev - er yet In bat - tle's hour were fail - ing?
safe - ty now, The Har - lech men are keep - ing.

ff



{ | l : l | s : s | f : f | m : m | r : f . m | r : d | }

This our an - swer, crowds down pouring, Swift as win - ter
Ere the sun is high in hea - ven, They you fear, by

ff



{ | t₁ : l₁ | t₁ : s₁ | d :- . t₁ | l₁ :- . t₁ | d : r | m : l | }

tor - rents roar - ing; Not in vain the voice im - plor - ing
pan - ic riv - en, Shall, like fright - ened sheep, be driv - en,



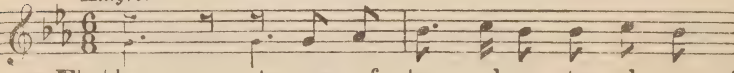
{ | s . m : - | r :- . m | d :- | - : || }

Calls on Har - lech men.
Far by Har - lech men.

Bonnie Dundee.

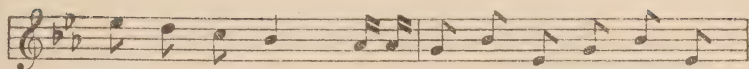
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Scottish Melody.

Allegro.


ERY Eb. { | m :- :- | m : m : f | s :- . l : s | s : l : s | }

1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas
2. Dun - dee he is mounted, he
3. "Then a - way to the hills, to the



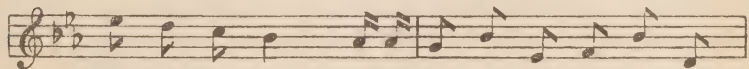
{ | d' : t : l | s :- : f . f | m : s : d | m : s : d | }

Cla - ver - house spoke : " Ere the king's crown go down there are
rides up the street, The bells they ring back-ward, the
lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - surp - er I'll



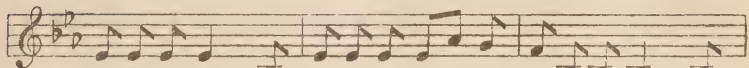
{ | r : r : r | r :- : m . f | s : l : s | s : l : s | }

heads to be broke, Then each ca - va - lier who loves
drums they are beat, And the Provost (good man) said " Just
couch with the fox; So tremble, false Whigs, in the



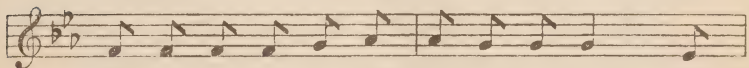
{ | d' : t : l | s :- : f . f | m : s : d | r : s : t, | }

hon-our and me Let him fol - low the bon - nets of
e'en let him be, For the town is well rid of that
midst of your glee, You have not seen the last of your



{ | d : d : d | d :- : s, | d : d : d | d : f : m | r : s, : s, | s, :- : s, | }

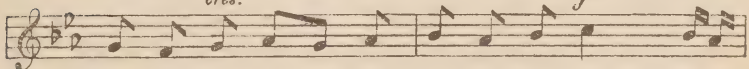
Bonnie Dundee. Come, fill up my cup and fill up my can, Come,



{ | r : r : r | r : m : f | f : m : m | m :- : d | }

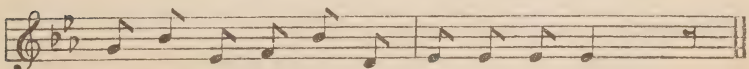
sad - dle my hors - es and call out my men; Un -

cres.



{ | m : r : m | f : m : f | s : f : s | l :- : s . f | }

hook the West port and let us go free, For it's



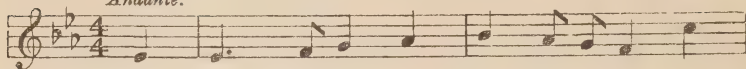
{ | m : s : d | r : s : t, | d : d : d | d :- : || }

up with the bon - nets of Bon-nie Dun-dee.

34 Since first I saw your face.

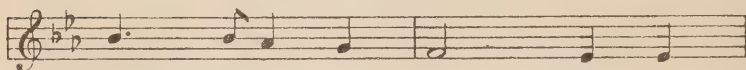
FORD.

FORD, 1607.

Andante.

KEY Eb. { d | d :- .r | m :f | s :f .m | r :l {

1. Since first I saw your face I re-solv'd To
2. The sun, whose beams most glo-ri-ous are, Re -



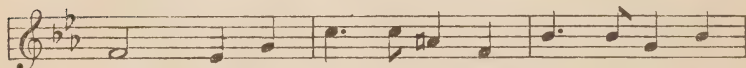
{ s :- .s | f :m | r :- | d :d {

hon - our and re - nown you; If
ject - eth no be - hold - er; And



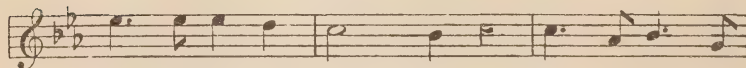
{ d :- .r | m :f | s :f .m | r :l | s :- .s | f :m {

now I be dis-dained I wish My heart had nev-er
your sweet beau-ty, past com-pare, Made my poor eyes the



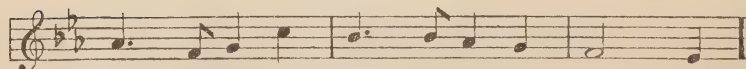
{ r :- | d :m | l :- .l | fe :r | s :- .s | m :s {

known you. What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall
bold - er. When beau - ty moves, and wit delights, And



{ d' :- .d' | d' :t | l :- | s : | l :- .f | s :- .m {

we be-gin to wran - gle? No, no, no! my
signs of kind-ness bind me, There, oh there, wher-



{ f :- .r | m :l | s :- .s | f :m | r :- | d ||

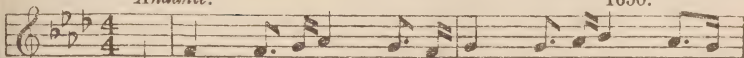
heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.
e'er I go, I'll leave my heart be - hind me.

35 The Oak and the Ash.

Traditional.

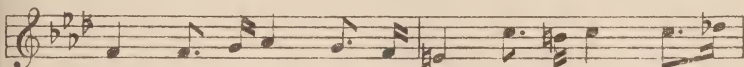
A North Country Song.

1650.

Andante.

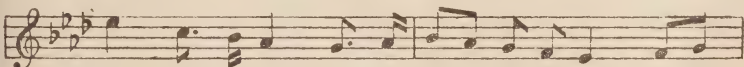
Lah is F. { :m₁ | l₁ :l₁ „t₁ | d :t₁ „l₁ | t₁ :t₁ „d | r :d „t₁ }

1. A North-country lass up to Lon - don did pass, Al -
2. O fain would I be in the North coun - try Where the
3. I like not the court nor the ci - ty re-sort, Since



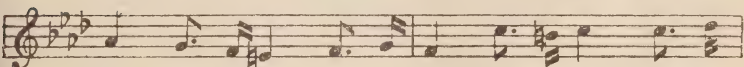
{ | l₁ :l₁ „t₁ | d :t₁ „l₁ | se₁ :m „re | m :m „f }

though with her na - ture it did not a - gree, Which
lads and the lass - es are mak - ing of hay; For
there is no fan - cy for such maids as me; Their



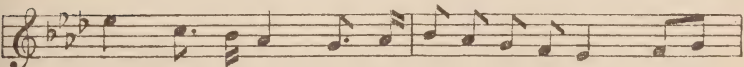
{ | s :m „r | d :t₁ „d | r .d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ }

made her re-pent and so oft - en la - ment, Still
there should I see what is plea - sant to me; A
pomp and their pride I can nev - er a - bide, Be -



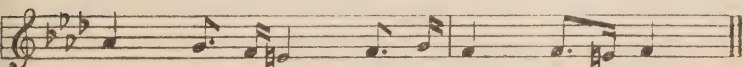
{ | d :t₁ „l₁ | se₁ :l₁ „t₁ | l₁ :m „re | m :m „f }

wish - ing a - gain in the North for to be.
mis - chief on them who en - ticed me a - way! } O the
cause with my hum - our it doth not a - gree. }



{ | s :m „r | d :t₁ „d | r .d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ }

oak and the ash, and the bonny i - vy tree Do



{ | d :t₁ „l₁ | se₁ :l₁ „t₁ | l₁ :l₁ „se₁ | l₁ }

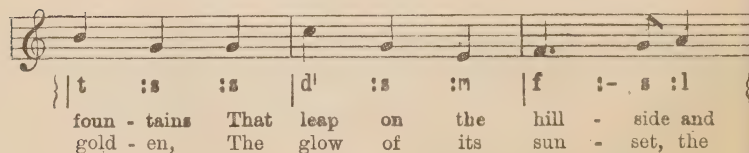
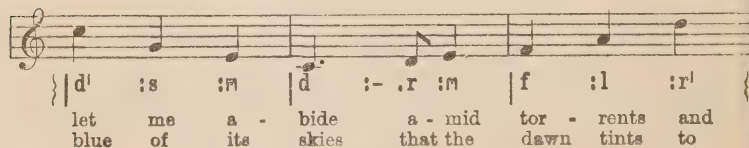
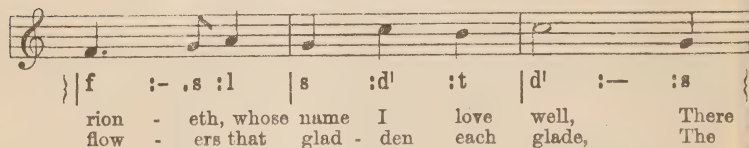
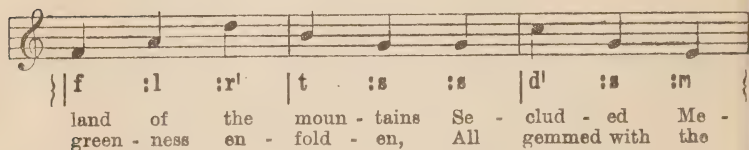
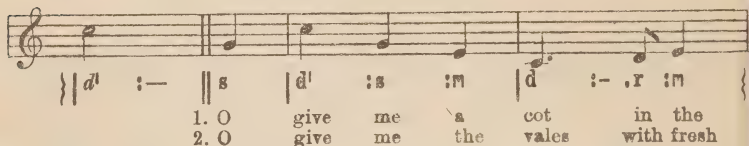
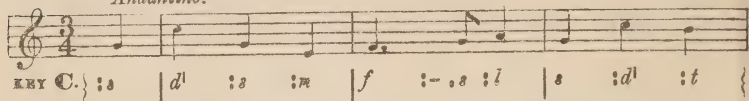
flour - ish at home in my own coun - try.

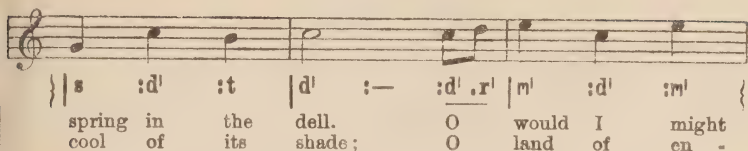
36

Give me a cot.

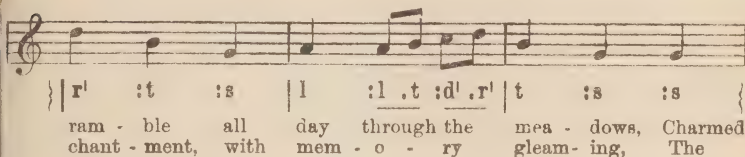
1st verse by Prof. D. ROWLANDS, B.A.

2nd verse by FLORENCE HOARE.

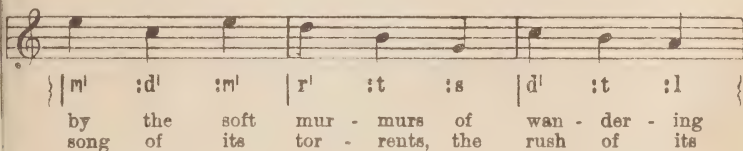
Welsh Melody
"Cadair Idris."*Andantino.*



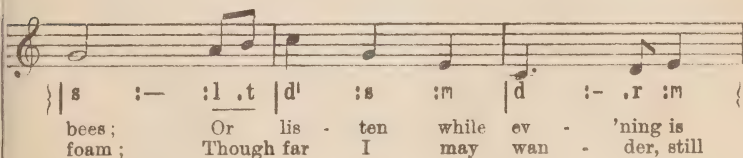
|| s :d' :t | d' :— :d' .r' | m' :d' :m' {
 spring in the dell. O would I might
 cool of its shade; O land of en -



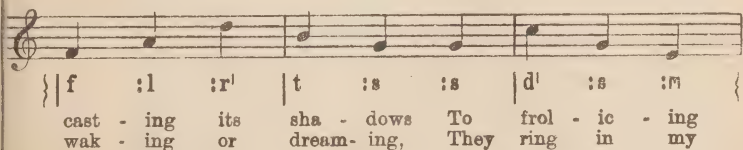
|| r' :t :s | l :l .t :d' .r' | t :s :s {
 ram - ble all day through the mea - dows, Charmed
 chant - ment, with mem - o - ry gleam - ing, The



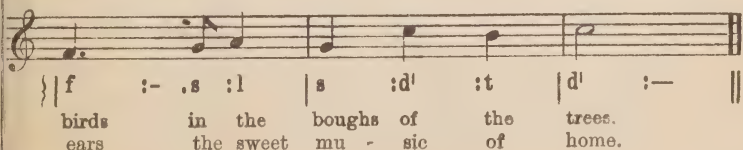
|| m' :d' :m' | r' :t :s | d' :t :l {
 by the soft mur - murs of wan - der - ing
 song of its tor - rents, the rush of its



|| s :— :l .t | d' :s :m | d' :— .r :m {
 bees; Or lis - ten while ev - 'ning is
 foam; Though far I may wan - der, still



|| f :l :r' | t :s :s | d' :s :m {
 cast - ing its sha - dows To frolic - ing
 wak - ing or dream - ing, They ring in my



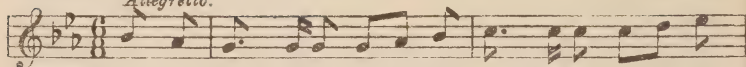
|| f :— .s :l | s :d' :t | d' :— ||
 birds in the boughs of the trees.
 ears the sweet mu - sic of home.

37

The Island.

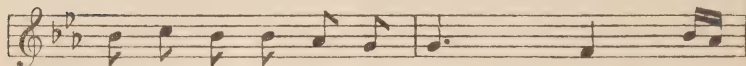
DIBDIN.

DIBDIN.

Allegretto.

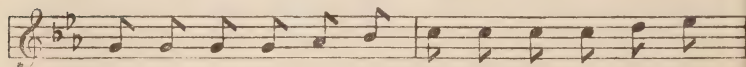
KEY Eb. } s : f | m :- .m : m | m : f : s | l :- .l : l | l : t : d' {

1. Fa - ther Nep-tune one day to Free-dom did say, " If
2. Jul - ius Cæ - sar, the Roman, who yield- ed to no man, Came
3. Then a ve - ry great war man called Bil- ly the Norman Cried,



} s : l : s | s : f : m | m :- :- | r :- : s . f {

ev - er I liv'd up - on dry land, The
o - ver by wa - ter, not by land, And
" Hang it! I nev - er liked my land; It would



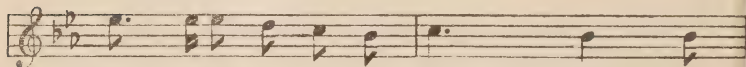
} m : m : m | m : f : s | l : l : l | l : t : d' {

spot I should hit on would be lit - tle Bri - tain," Said
Dane, Piet, and Sa - xon their homes turned their backs on, And
be much more han - dy to leave this Nor - man - dy, And



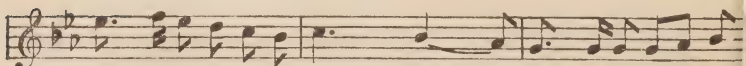
} s : m : l | s : m : d | r :- :- | d :- :- {

Freedom, " Why that's my own Is - - - land!"
all for the sake of our Is - - - land.
live on yon beau - ti - ful Is - - - land!" Says



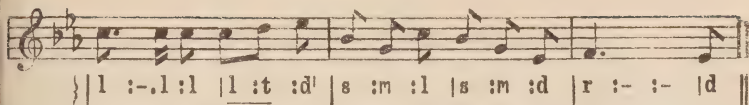
} d' :- .d' : d' | t : l : s | l :- :- | s :- : s {

Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - - - land, A
Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - - - land, They'd
he, " 'Tis a snug lit - tle Is - - - land,



} d' :- .r' : d' | t : l : s | l :- :- | s :- : f | m :- .m : m | m : f : s {

right little tight little Is - - - land, All the globe round there,
all have a touch at the Is - - - land, Some were shot dead,
Shan't we go visit the Is - - - land? Hop, skip, and jump,



none can be found So hap-py as this lit-tle Is - land.
 some of them fled, And some stay'd to live on the Is - land.
 there he was plump, And he kick'd up a dust in the Is - land.

4 But party deceit helped the Normans to beat,
 Of traitors they managed to buy land ;
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict we ne'er had been lloked
 Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
 Poor Harold, the King of the Island,
 He lost both his life and his Island ;
 That's very true—what could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his Island.

5 Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
 They couldn't do less than murder Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the Island.
 Oh ! the poor Queen and the Island,
 The drones came to plunder the Island,
 But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
 And buzz was the word in the Island.

6 These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
 Of our wealth ; but they scarcely could spy land,
 Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
 And stoop to the lads of the Island.
 The good wooden walls of the Island ;
 Huzza ! for the lads of the Island ;
 Foes one by one, let them come on,
 But how'd they come off at the Island ?

7 I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
 Have since been oft tempted to try land,
 And I wonder much less they have met no success,
 For why should we give up our Island ?
 Oh ! 'tis a wonderful Island ;
 All of 'em long for the Island ;
 Hold a bit there, let 'em take fire and air,
 But we'll have the sea and the Island.

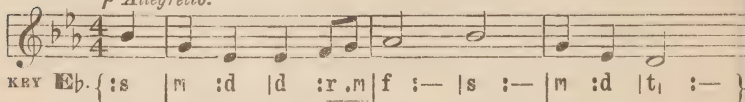
8 Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
 In each saying, "This shall be my land,"
 And the men of old England are true to their kingland
 We'd show them some play for our Island.
 We'd fight for our right to the Island,
 We'd give them enough of the Island,
 Invaders should just bite at the dust,
 But not a bit more of the Island.

38

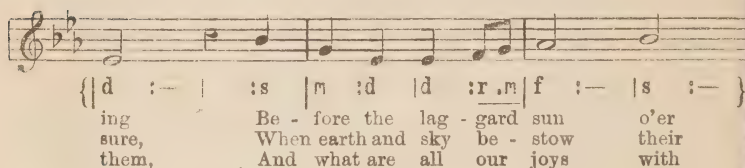
Good morning, pretty maid.

Rewritten by A. J. FOXWELL.

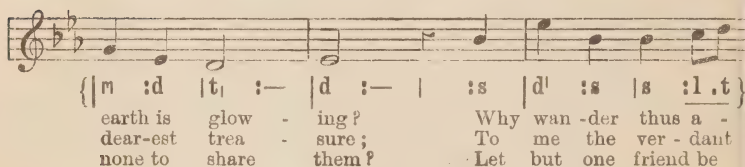
Old Gloucestershire Melody.

p Allegretto.

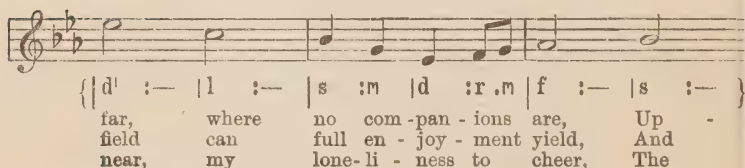
1. " Good morn-ing, pret-ty maid, where are you go -
2. " O, morn-ing is the time of peace and plea -
3. " But what are plea-sant views if cares im - pair



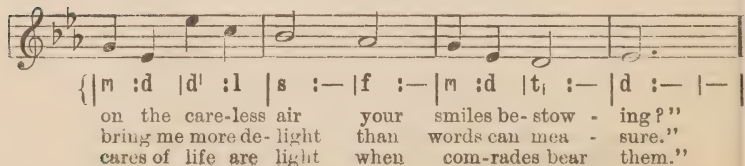
ing Be - fore the lag - gard sun o'er
 sure, When earth and sky be - stow their
 them, And what are all our joys with



earth is glow - ing? Why wan - der thus a -
 dear-est trea - sure; To me the ver - dant
 none to share them? Let but one friend be



far, where no com - pan - ions are, Up -
 field can full en - joy - ment yield, And
 near, my lone - li - ness to cheer, The



on the care-less air your smiles be - stow - ing?"
 bring me more de - light than words can mea - sure."
 cares of life are light when com - rades bear them."

39

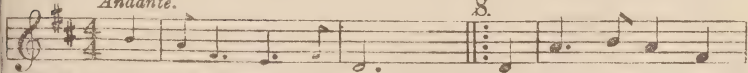
The harp that once.

THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Melody.

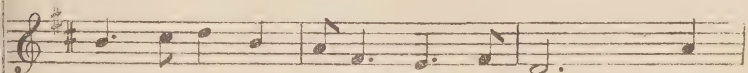
Andante.

8



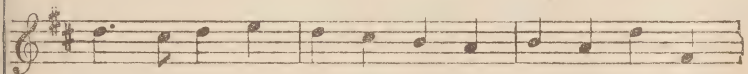
KEY D. } l | s . m : - | r : - m | d : - | - || d | s : - . l | s : m |

1. The harp that once thro'
2. No more to chiefs and



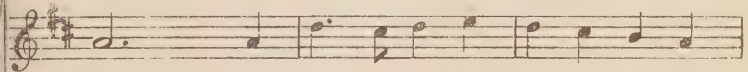
} l : - . t | d' : l | s . m : - | r : - m | d : - | - : s |

Ta - ra's halls Its soul of mu - sic shed, Now
la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells ; The



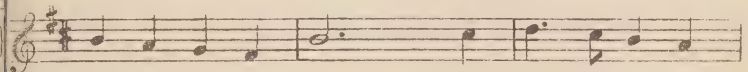
} d' : - . t | d' : r' | d' : t | l : s | l : s | d' : m |

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
chord a - lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in



} s : - | - : s | d' : - . t | d' : r' | d' : t | l : s |

fled. So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
tells : Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes ; The



} l : s | f : m | l : - | - : t | d' : - . t | l : s |

glo - ry's thrill is o'er ; And hearts that once beat
on - ly throb she gives Is when some heart in -

D.S.



} l : - . t | d' : l | s . m : - | r : - m | d : - | -

high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.

40

All through the night.

FLORENCE HOARN.
*Andante.*Welsh Melody,
"Ar Hyd y Nos."

KEY G. { | d :— | : || d :— . t₁ | l₁ : d | r :— . d | t₁ : s₁ }

1. Sleep, my babe, no ill be - tide thee
2. While the earth in calm re - pos - es

{ | l₁ :— | t₁ :— . t₁ | d :— | : | d :— . t₁ | l₁ : d }

All through the night, Guard - ian an - gels
All through the night, Thou shalt sleep as

{ | r :— . d | t₁ : s₁ | l₁ :— | t₁ :— . t₁ | d :— | : }

watch be - side thee, All through the night.
sleep the ros - es, All through the night.

{ | f : m | f : s | l : s | f : m | f : m | r : d | m : r | d : t₁ }

O'er thy cra - dle stars are beaming, Sil - ver bright the moon is gleaming
Hush'd from sorrow and re - pin - ing, Rest un - til the sun is shin - ing

p
{ | d :— . t₁ | l₁ : d | r :— . d | t₁ : s₁ | l₁ :— | t₁ :— . t₁ | d :— | — : }

Thou shalt tread the land of dreaming All through the night.
In my lov - ing arms re - clin - ing All through the night.

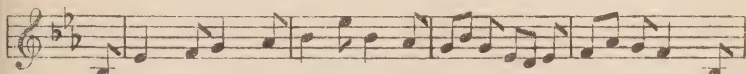
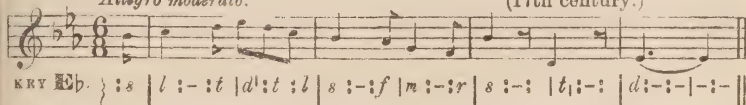
41 The new-mown hay.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Tune—"With Jockey to the fair."

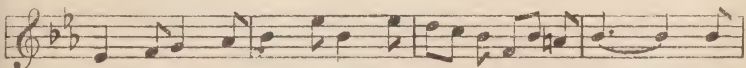
Allegro moderato.

(17th century.)



{ s₁ | d :- r | m :- f | s :- d' | s :- f | m : s | m | d : t : d | r : f : m | r :- : s₁ {

1. When swallows dart from cottage eaves, And farmers dream of barley sheaves, When
2. We've room for all who-e'er they be, Who have a heart for harmless glee, And



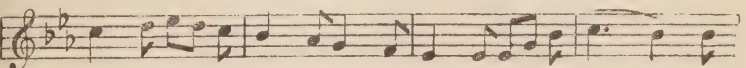
{ | d :- r | m :- f | s :- d' | s :- d' | t : l : s | r : s : f e | s :- : - : - : s {

ap - ples peep a-mong the leaves, And woodbine scents the way, We
in the sha - dow of our tree Can ting their pride a - way. So



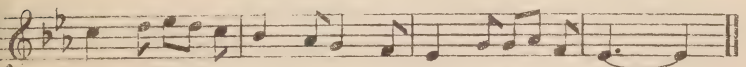
{ | d' :- : d' | s :- : s | f : m : f | m :- : s | d' :- : d' | s :- : s | f : m : f | m :- : s {

love to fly from dai - ly care, To breathe the bux-om coun - try air, To
join our sport, ye maidens true, With eyes of grey or black or blue, Come



{ | l :- : t | d' : t : l | s :- : f | m :- : r | d :- : d | d : m : s | l :- : - : s :- : s {

join our hands and form a ring A-mid the new-mown hay; To
youth, come age, come childhood fair, A-mid the new-mown hay; We've



{ | l :- : t | d' : t : l | s :- : f | m :- : r | d :- : m | m : f : r | d :- : - : - : - : ||

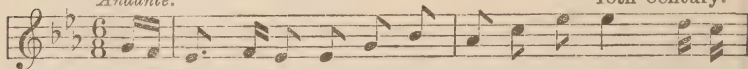
laugh and sport, to dance and sing A-mid the new-mown hay.
wel-come kind and room to spare A-mid the new-mown hay.

42 Believe me, if all those endearing.

THOMAS MOORE.

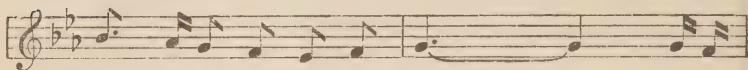
Andante.

18th Century.



KEY $\text{E}\flat$ { :m.r | d :-r:d | d :m :s | f :l :d' | d' :- :t.l }

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear-ing young charms, Which I
2. It is not while beau-ty and youth are thine own, And thy



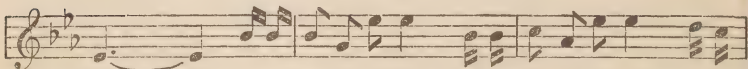
{ | s :-f:m | r :d :r | m :- :- | - :- :m.r }

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, Were to
cheeks un-pro-fan'd with a tear, That the



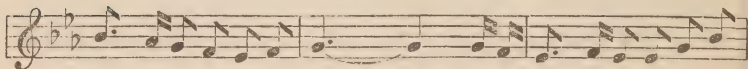
{ | d :-r:d | d :m :s | f :l :d' | d' :- :t.l | s :d' :m | r :-d:r }

change by to-mor-row, and fleet in my arms, Like fai-ry gifts fad-ing a -
fer-vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more



{ | d :- :- | - :- :s.s | s :m :d' | d' :- :s.s | l :f :d' | d' :- :t.l }

way, Thou wouldst still be a-dored as this moment thou art, Let thy
dear. No, the heart that has tru - ly lov'd nev-er for-gets, But as



{ | s :-f:m | r :d :r | m :- :- | - :- :m.r | d :-r:d | d :m :s }

love - li-ness fade as it will; And a-round the dear ru-in each
tru - ly loves on to the close; As the sun-flow-er turns on her



{ | f :l :d' | d' :- :t.l | s :d' :m | r :-d:r | d :- :- | - :- ||

wish of my heart Would en-twine it-self ver - dant-ly still.
god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

43

Autumn Song.

HENRY GRAHAM
*Allegro.*Tune, "Poor Robin."
(17th Century.)

mf

KEY A. } :m₁.f₁ | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | d :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :m₁.f₁ {

1. We'll up and be-gone to the wood-land fields, And
2. The squir-rel has tak-en his win-ter store, His

} | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | r :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :m₁.f₁ {

gath-er the trea-sure that au-tumn yields, For Oc-
gar-ner is full and he wants no more; He

} | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | s₁ :- .l₁:s₁ | d :- :s₁ | r :- :s₁ | m :- .r:d | s₁ :d :t₁ {

tober has come and the fruit hangs free, And sure there is plenty for
sits on the branch and to us says he, "Why sure there is plenty for

} | d :- :d | d :- :- | m :- .r:d | m :- .r:d | r :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :- {

you and me. Blackberries cluster by dells and shaws,
you and me." Blackbirds and thrushes and wrens so small Have

} | m :- .r:d | m :- .r:d | f :- :r | r :- :- | m :- .r:d | m :- .r:d {

Hedg-es are scarlet with hips and haws, Ha-zels are beckoning
ber-ries e-nough to go round for all; Come, let us share in the

} | f :- .m:r | s :- :f | m :- .r:d | s₁ :d :t₁ | d :- :d | d :- ||

down from the tree, And sure there is plenty for you and me.
feast so free, For sure there is plenty for you and me.

44

Song of the Western Men.

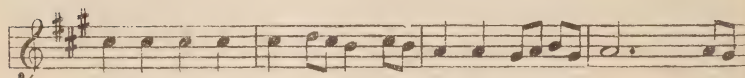
Words rewritten by Rev. R. S. HAWKER.

Old Cornish Ballad.

Con spirito.

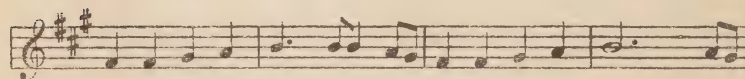
KEY A. } $\dot{m} : r \mid d : s_1 \mid m_1 : s_1 \mid d : -d \mid d : t_1, d \mid r : -r \mid r : r \mid r : - \mid - : d, r \{$

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. A good sword and a trusty hand, A merry heart and true, | King |
| 2. Out spake their captain brave and bold, A merry wight was he, | " If |
| 3. And when we came to London wall, A pleasant sight to view, | Come |



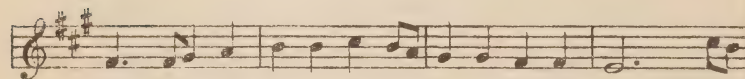
} $m : m \mid m : m \mid m : f, m \mid r : m, r \mid d : d \mid t_1, d : r, t_1 \mid d : - \mid - : d, t_1 \{$

James's men shall understand What Cornish lads can do.	And
London Tower were Michael's Hold, We'll set Trelawny free ! "	We'll
forth, come forth, ye cowards all, Here's men as good as you.	Tre-



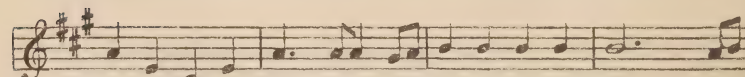
} $l_1 : l_1 \mid t_1 : d \mid r : -r \mid r : d, t_1 \mid l_1 : l_1 \mid t_1 : d \mid r : - \mid - : d, t_1 \{$

have they fixed the where and when, And shall Trelawny die ?	Here's
cross the Ta-mar, land to land, The Severn is no stay,	With
law - ny he's in keep and hold, Trelaw - ny he may die,	But



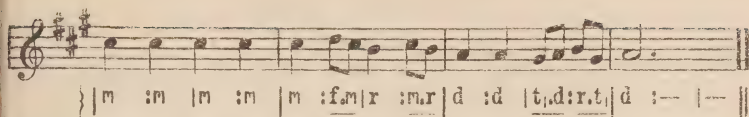
} $l_1 : -l_1 \mid t_1 : d \mid r : r \mid m : r, d \mid t_1 : t_1 \mid l_1 : l_1 \mid s_1 : - \mid - : m, r \{$

twenty thousand Cornish men Will know the reason why.	A
one and all, and hand in hand, And who shall bid us nay ?	Out
twenty thousand Cornish bold Will know the reason why.	And



} $d : s_1 \mid m_1 : s_1 \mid d : -d \mid d : t_1, d \mid r : r \mid r : r \mid r : - \mid - : d, r \{$

good sword and a trusty hand, A mer-ry heart and true,	King
spake their captain brave and bold, A mer-ry wight was he,	" If
when we came to London wall, A pleasant sight to view,	Come



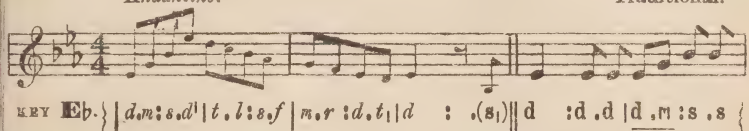
James's men shall understand What Cornish-lads can do.
 London Tower were Michael's Hold, We'll set Trelawny free."
 forth, come forth, ye cowards all, Here's men as good as you.

45 Early one morning.

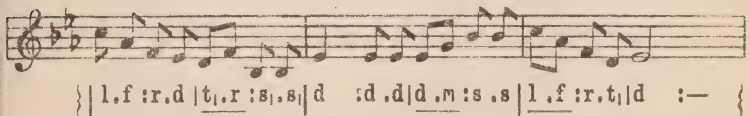
Traditional.

Andantino.

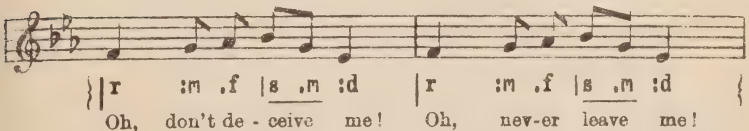
Traditional.



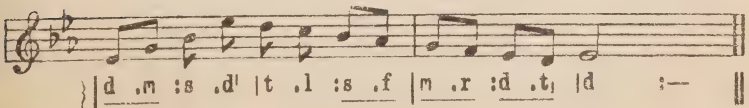
1. Ear-ly one morning just
2. Oh, gay is the garland and
3. Remember the vows that you
4. Thus sang the poor maiden, her



as the sun was rising, I heard a maid sing in the val-ley below :
 fresh are the ros-es I've culled from the garden to bind on thy brow ;
 made to your Mary, Remember the bow'r where you vowed to be true :
 sorrows bewailing, Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below :



Oh, don't de - ceive me! Oh, nev-er leave me!



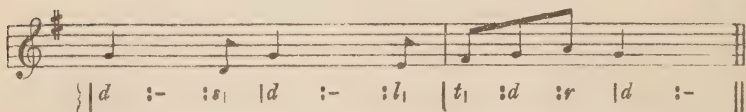
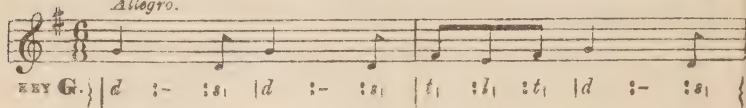
How could you treat a poor maid - en so?

46

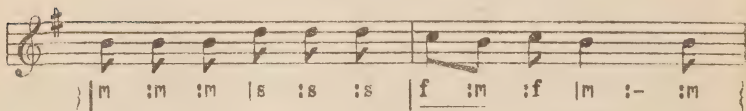
Young Richard.

Words revised by A. J. FOXWELL.

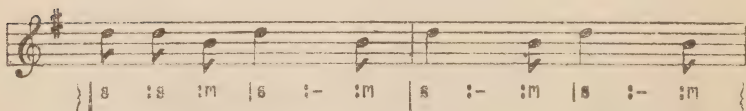
Somersetshire Song.

Allegro.

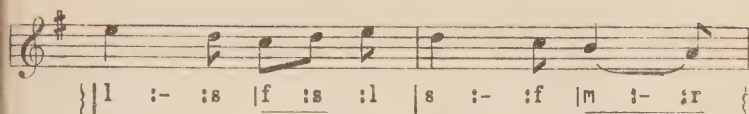
1. Last New Year's Day, as I've heard say, Young
2. Miss Jean she came with-out de - lay To
3. "I'm young and strong, though I be poor, And
4. "Sup- pose I were to be your bride, Pray,



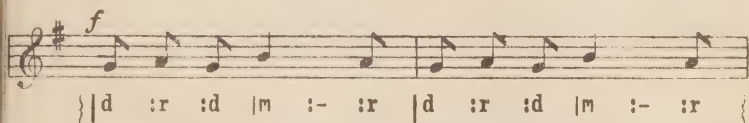
Richard he mounted his dap - ple grey, And
 hear what young Richard had got to say. "I
 sure- ly were nev- er in love a - fore; My
 how would you ev - er for me pro- vide; You



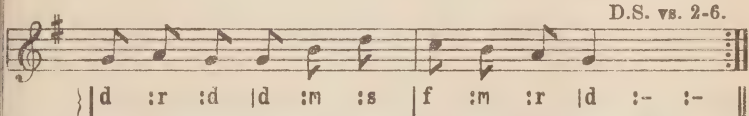
trot - ted a - long to Taun - ton Dean To
 fan - cy you know me, Mis - tress Jean, I'm
 mo - ther she bid me come to woo, For
 know I nei - ther sew nor spin, Pray,



court the par - son's daugh - ter Jean.
 hon - est Dick of Taun - ton Dean."
 I can fan - cy none but you."
 what will your day's work bring in?"



Dum-ble - dum dea - ry, dum-ble - dum dea - ry,
 Dum-ble - dum dea - ry, dum-ble - dum dea - ry,
 Dum-ble - dum dea - ry, dum-ble - dum dea - ry,
 Dum-ble - dum dea - ry, dum-ble - dum dea - ry,



dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum dee.
 dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum dee.
 dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum dee.
 dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum, dum-ble - dum dee.

D.S. vs. 2-6.

5 "Why, I can plough and I can sow,
 And oftentimes I to the market go
 With old Gaffer Johnson's straw or hay.
 And earn my ninepence every day."

Dumble-dum, &c.

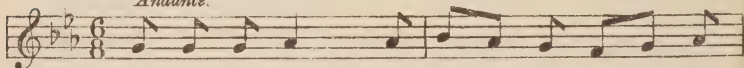
6 But strange to say, Miss Jean was shy,
 And still did the diffident youth deny;
 So Richard took huff—no more would say,
 But mounted Dobbin and rode away.

Dumble-dum, &c.

47 Drink to me only with thine eyes.

BEN JONSON.

Traditional.

Andante.

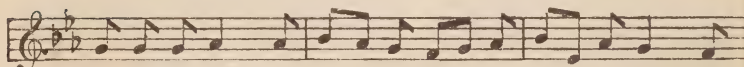
KEY Eb. } | m : m : m | f :- : f | s : f : m | r : m : f {

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not



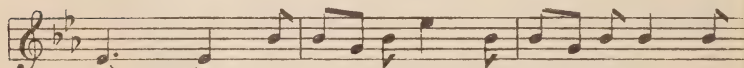
} | s : d : f | m :- : r | d :- :- | - :- : {

I will pledge with mine,
so much hon - 'ring thee,



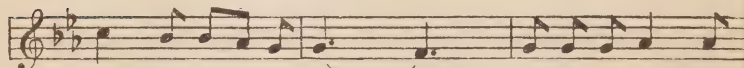
} | m : m : m | f :- : f | s : f : m | r : m : f | s : d : f | m :- : r {

Or leave a kiss with-in the cup, And I'll not look for
As giv-ing it a hope, that there It could not with - er'd



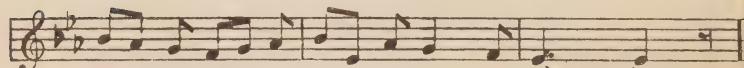
} | d :- :- | - :- : s | s : m : s | d' :- : s | s : m : s | s :- : s {

wine. The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth
be; But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe, And



} | l :- : s | s : f : m | m :- :- | r :- :- | m : m : m | f :- : f {

ask a drink di - vine; But might I of Jove's
sent'st it back to me; Since when it grows and



} | s : f : m | r : m : f | s : d : f | m :- : r | d :- :- | - :- : ||

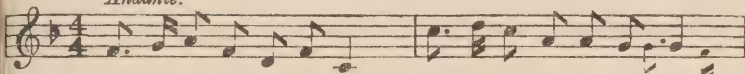
nec - tar sip I would not change for thine.
smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee.

48

Bonnie Charlie's now awa'.

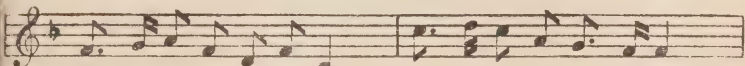
LADY NAIRNE.

Scottish Melody.

Andante.

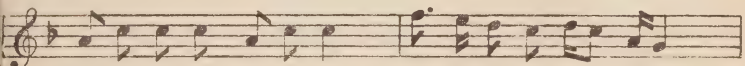
KEY F. { | d „r:m .d | l, .d :s, | s „l:s .m | m .r :r :r „d {

1. Bonnie Charlie's now a-wa', Safely owre the friendly main,
2. Hills he trod were all his ain, Bed beneath the birken tree, The
3. Sweet the lav'rock's note and lang, Lil-tin' wildly up the glen, But



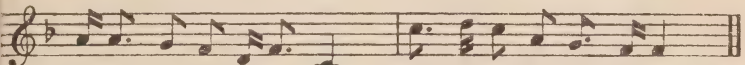
{ | d „r:m .d | l, .d :s, | s „l:s .m | r „d :d {

Mony a heart will break in twa Should he ne'er come back a-gain.
bush that hid him on the plain None on earth can claim but he.
aye to me he sings ae song, "Will ye no come back a-gain?"



{ | m .s :s .s | m .s :s | d' „t:l .s | l,s.-m:r {

Will ye no come back a-gain? Will ye no come back a-gain?



{ | m,m.- :r .d | l,d.- :s, | s „l:s .m | r „d :d {

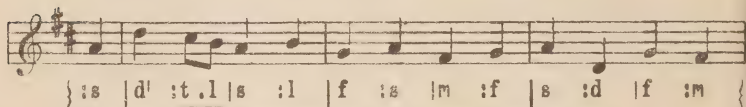
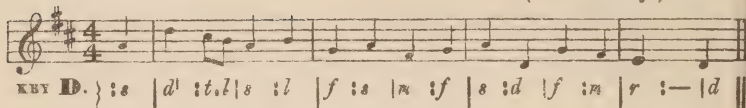
Better lo'ed ye canna be, Will ye no come back a-gain?

- 4 Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa':
Death itself were dearly bought
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will ye no come back, &c.

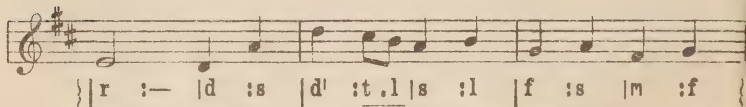
49

The Vicar of Bray.

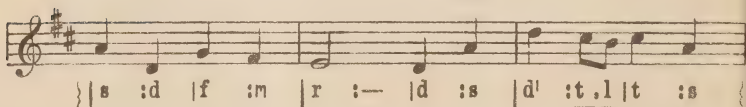
Words about 1720.

Tune—"The Country Garden."
(17th century.)

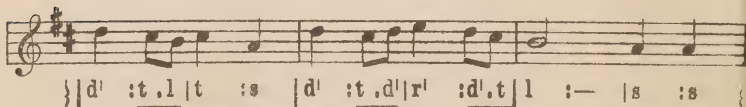
1. In good King Charles's gold-en days, When loy - al - ty no
2. When roy-al James ob-tained the crown, And Pope-ry came in
3. When William was our King declared, To ease the na - tion's
4. When roy - al Anne be - came our Queen, The Church of Eng-land's



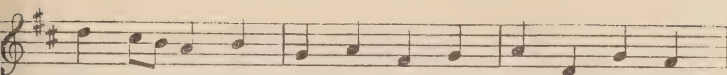
harm meant, A zeal-ous High church-man was I, And
fash - ion, The pe - nal laws I hoot-ed down, And
griev - ance, With this new wind a - bout I steer'd, And
glo - ry, An - oth - er face of things was seen, And



so I got pre - fer - ment. To teach my flock I
read the De - clar - a - - tion. The Church of Rome I
swore to him al - le - giance. Old prin-ci - ples I
I be - came a To - ry. Oc - ca - sion - al Con -

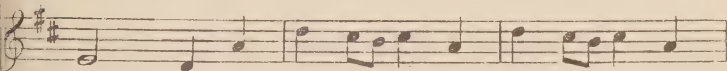


nev - er miss'd, That kings are by God ap - point - ed, And
found would fit Full well my con - sti - tu - - tion; And
did re - - voke, Set con-science at a dis - tance, Pas -
form-ists 'base, I blam'd their mod - er - a - - tion. And



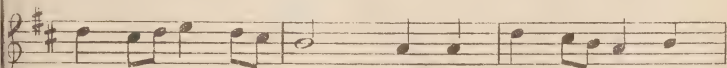
{ | d' : t . l | s : l | f : s | m : f | s : d | f : m | }

lost are those that dare re - sist, Or touch the Lord's an -
had be - come a Je - su - it, But for the Re - vo -
sive o - be - dience was a joke, A jest was non - re -
thought the Church in dan - ger was By such pre - va - ri -



{ | r : - | d : s | d' : t . l | t : s | d' : t . l | t : s | }

oint - ed.
lu - - tion. } And this is law that I'll main-tain Un -
sist - ance.
ca - - tion. }



{ | d' : t . d' | r' : d' . t | l : - | s : s | d' : t . l | s : l | }

til my dy - ing day, sir, That what-so - ev - er



{ | f : s | m : f | s : d . d | f . f : m | r : - | d || }

king shall reign, I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

5 When George in pudding time came o'er

And moderate men looked big, sir,

I turned a cat-in-pan once more,

And so became a Whig, sir;

And thus preferment I procured

From our new Faith's Defender:

And almost every day abjured

The Pope and the Pretender.

And this is law, &c.

6 Th' illustrious House of Hanover,

And Protestant Succession,

To these I do allegiance swear,

While they can keep possession;

For in my faith and loyalty

I never more will falter,

And George my lawful King shall be,

Until the times do alter.

And this is law, &c.

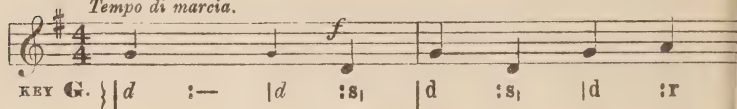


50

The British Grenadiers.

Words about 1690.

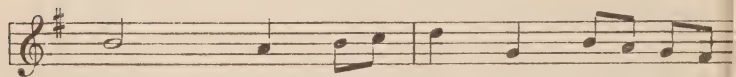
Traditional.

Tempo di marcia.

KEY G.

d :— | *d* :s₁ | *d* :s₁ | *d* :r

1. Some talk of Al - ex
 2. Those he - roes of an
 3. When - e'er we are com -



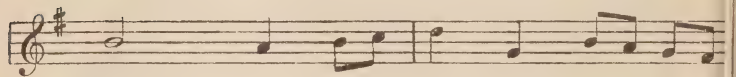
| m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁

an - - - der, and some of Her - cu -
 ti - qui - ty ne'er saw a can - non
 mand - - - ed to storm the pal - i -



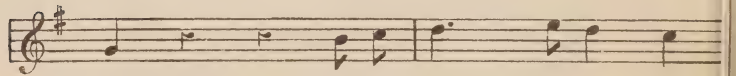
| *d* : | :s₁ | *d* :s₁ | *d* :r

les; Of Hee - tor and Ly -
 ball, Or knew the force of
 sades Our lead - ers march with



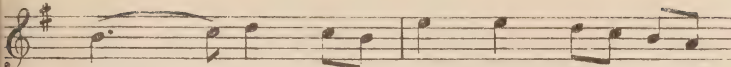
| m :— | r :m .f | s :d | m .r :d .t₁

san - - - der, and such great names as
 pow - - - der to slay their foes with
 fu - - - sees, and we with hand gre




| *d* : | :m .f | s :- .l | s :f

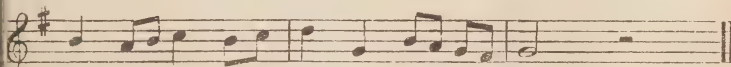
these; But of all the world's brave
 al; But our brave boys do
 nades; We throw them from the



} | m : - . f | s : f . m | l : l | s . f : m . r
 he - - roes There's none that can com -
 know it, And ban - ish all their
 gla - - cis A bout the ene - mies'



} | d : - | t : s . s | d : t . d | r : d . r {
 pare, With a tow row row row
 fears; Sing tow row row row
 ears; Sing tow row row row



} | m : r . m | f : m . f | s : d | m . r : d . t | d : - | : ||
 row row row, To the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.
 row row row For the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.
 row row row For the Brit-ish Gren-a - diers.

- 4 And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
 The townsmen cry, " Hurra, boys ! here comes a Grenadier,"
 Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
 Then sing tow row row row row row row for the British Grenadiers

- 5 Then let us fill a bumper and drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes ;
 May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
 With a tow row row row row row row for the British Grenadiers

SECTION III

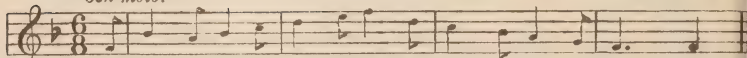
51

Morning Song.

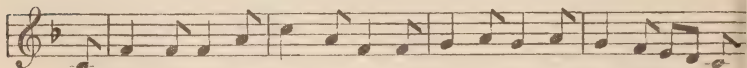
JOHN FERGUSON.

Con moto.

Tune, "Nancy Dawson," 1762.

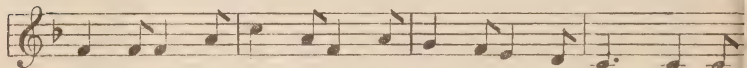


KEY F. } :d | f :- :m | f :- :s | l :- :t | d' :- :l | s :- :f | m :- :r | d :- : - | d :- : - ||



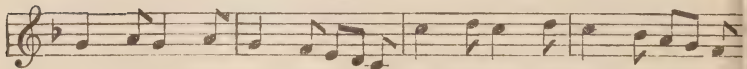
} :s | d :- :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :d | r :- :m | r :- :m | r :- :d | t | l | s |

1. The sun is ris- ing out of bed, And in the east the sky is red, Ther
2. The light is clear on hill and lea, The birds are loud on ev-'ry tree, Ther
3. Where'neath the share the furrows gleam, We'll see the ploughman drive his team, On



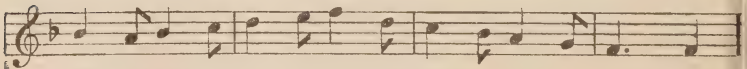
} | d :- :d | d :- :m | s :- :m | d :- :m | r :- :d | t | l | s | s | s | s |

up and wake each sleep-y head, So ear - ly in the morn - ing. 'Th
haste and rise and come with me, So ear - ly in the morn - ing. With
wan-der down be-side the stream, So ear - ly in the morn - ing. And



} | r :- :m | r :- :m | r :- :d | t | l | s | s | s | s | s | s | s | s |

shame to dream the hours a-way, When all the world is bright with day, And
pleasant sights and sounds to spare, With hearts alert and free from care, We'll
where the water's fresh and cool We'll watch the trout within the pool; There'



} | f :- :m | f :- :s | l :- :t | d' :- :l | s :- :f | m :- :r | d :- : - | d :- : - ||

Na- ture calls to work or play So ear - ly in the morn - ing.
out and drink the wholesome air So ear - ly in the morn - ing.
time be - fore we go to school So ear - ly in the morn - ing

Evening Song.

Tune, "New Wells."
(17th Century.)

KEY Eb. } | d :- r m d : l | s m : r , d | d :-

1. Now	the	set - ting sun	Veils his light be -
2. Soft	the	twi - light falls	O - ver hill and

r . t	: l . s	d	: - . r	m . d	: d
fore	us,	With	de -	clin -	ing ray,
mea -	dow,	All	a -	cross	the sky

t	. s	: l	. f e	s	:	s	:	. l	
Sink-ing	in	the	west.			Now		his	
Stars be - gin	to	peep.				Soft		the	

} t .s :d'	f .m :r .d t ₁ .r :s ₁	}
course is done,	Night is com - ing o'er	us ;
ring - dove calls	Through the gathering sha -	dow ;

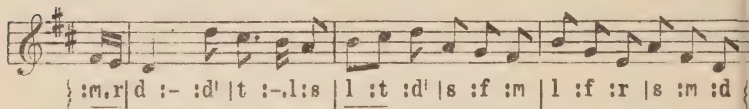
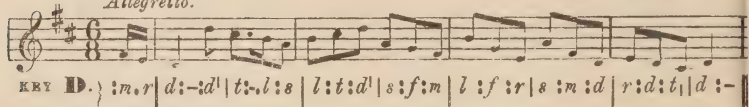
} f :- .l | s .t. :d .f | m :r .d | d :-
 All the toil of day Is turned to rest.
 Soon will close each eye And fall & - sleep.

53

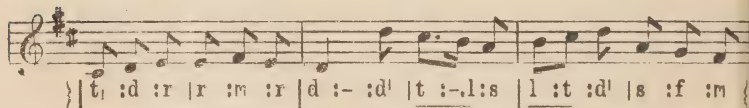
The Spring is coming.

G. A. MACFARREN.

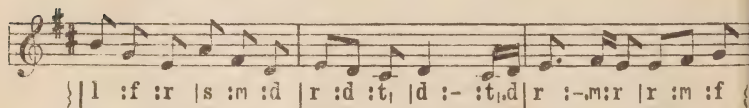
Tune, "'The Spring's a coming,'" about 1700.

Allegretto.

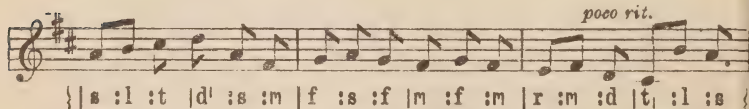
1. The Spring is coming re-solv'd to banish The king of the ice with his
 2. The Spring is coming to wake the roses, With gay serenades from her



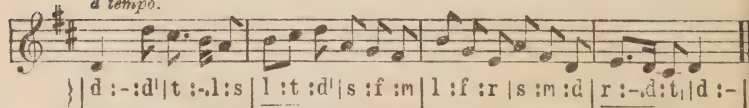
turbulent train; With her fairy wand she bids them vanish, And
 chor-is-ter birds, Ev-'ry breath-ing flow-'ret's lip dis-clo-ses A



welcome the sunshine to earth a-gain. Then maid-ens forego the
 grat-i-tude sweeter than mor-tal words. Shall we be the last to



win-try kir-tle, And lace ev-'ry bodice with bright green string, And
 swell the measure That all Nature's children in harmo-ny sing! Ah

a tempo.

twine each lattice with wreaths of myrtle To honour the advent of joy-ful Spring.
 No! we'll tune with s holier pleasure The carol of welcome to joyful Spring

54

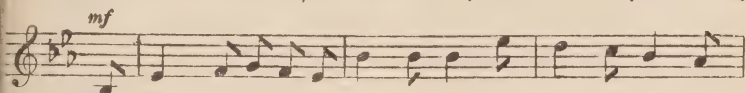
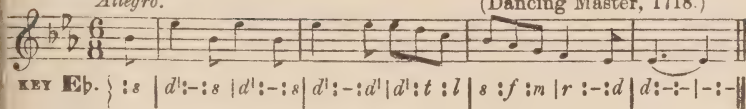
Market day.

FLORENCE HOARE.

Allegro.

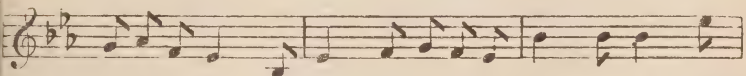
Tune, "The Happy Clown."

(Dancing Master, 1718.)



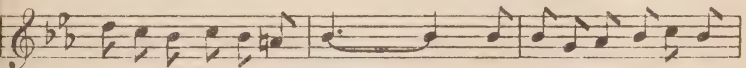
{ : s | d :- : r | m : r : d | s :- : s | s :- : d¹ | t :- : l | s :- : f | }

1. Sing hey, sing hey! it is mar - ket day, Come, lads and lass - es,
2. Come out, come out! ye are lag-gards all, That lie a - bed till
3. Good day, good day! now a-way we ride, The lads and lass - es



{ | m : f : r | d :- : s | d :- : r | m : r : d | s :- : s | s :- : d¹ | }

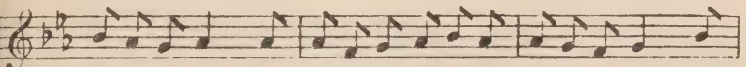
hasten a - way; The sun is up and the moon is down, And
sha - dows fall; Who will not earn when earn he may Counts
side by side, And tongues run fast, as the wheels can do, With



{ | t : l : s | l : s : fe | s :- : - | - : - : s | s : m : f | s : l : s | }

we must be off to the town.
few - er pence each day.
tales both old and new.

There's corn and there's butter for
The pigs are all squealing and
The maids in their aprons, so



{ | s : f : m | f :- : f | f : r : m | f : s : f | f : m : r | m :- : s | }

gossips to buy, And ribbons and laces to dazzle the eye. Sing
long to be gone, And Molly the Brindle is starting a - lone. Sing
dainty and white, And sun-bonnets flying with ribbons so bright. Sing



{ | d¹:-:s | d¹:-:s | d¹:-:d¹ | d¹:t:l | s:f:m | r:-:d | d:-:-:-: }

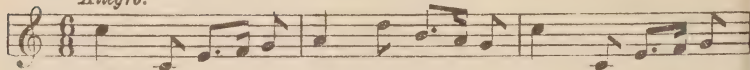
hey, sing hey! 'tis market day, So hasten and come a - way.

55

Hunting the Hare.

GEO. LINLEY.

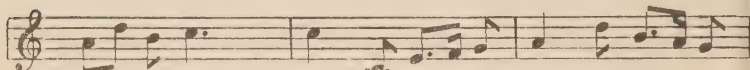
Old English Melody.

Allegro.

KEY C.

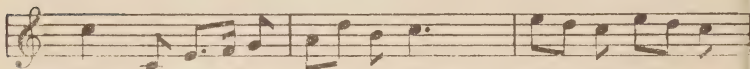
{ | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | l :- :r' | t :-l:s | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | }

1. O - ver hill and plain they're bounding Thro' the air they
2. When the day's glad sport is o - ver, Seat - ed in the



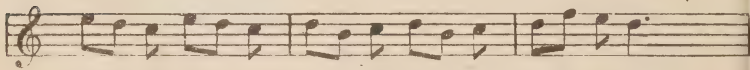
{ | l :r' :t | d' :- :- | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | l :- :r' | t :-l:s | }

seem to fly. Hark! the mer - ry horn is sound - ing,
Bar - on's hall, Round the fes - tive board dis - cov - er



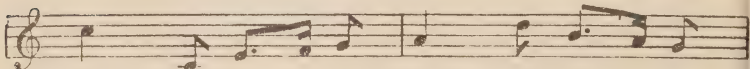
{ | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | l :r' :t | d' :- :- | m' :r' :d' | m' :r' :d' | }

List! the hunt - er's jo - vial cry! Now thro' din - gle,
Gal - laut hunt - ers one and all; Laugh - ing loud - ly,



{ | m' :r' :d' | m' :r' :d' | r' :t :d' | r' :t :d' | r' :f' :m' | r' :- :- | }

dell, and hol - low Dart they on at fear - less pace;
jok - ing, sing - ing, As the wine goes round a - pace,



{ | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | l :- :r' | t :-l:s | }

Oh! what joy the hounds to fol - low,
While the an - cient roof is ring - ing



{ | d' :- :d | m :-f:s | l :r' :t | d' :- :- | }

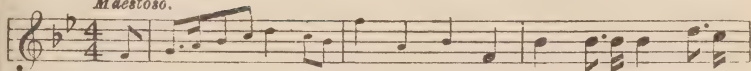
There's no plea - sure like the chase.
With the glo - ries of the chase.

56

Heart of oak.

DAVID GARRICK.

DR. BOYCE.

Maestoso.

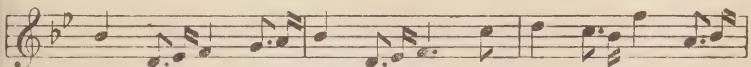
KEY **Bb**. } .s₁ | l₁, t₁: d .r | m : r .d | s : t₁ | d : s₁ | d : d .d | d : m .r {

1. Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to
2. We ne'er see our foes but we
3. They swear they'll invade us, these



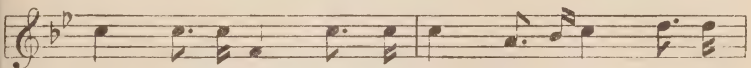
} | d : t₁, l₁ | s₁ : - .s₁ | l₁ : l₁, t₁ | d : d .r | m : f .r | m : .s₁ {

glo - ry we steer, To add something new to this wonderful year, To
wish them to stay; They nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they
ter - rible foes; They frighten our women, our children and beaus; But



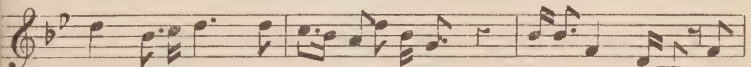
} | d : m₁, f₁ | s₁ : l₁, t₁ | d : m₁, f₁ | s₁ : - .r | m : r .d | s : t₁, d {

honour we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as the
run, why, we fol - low, and run them ashore, And if they won't fight us, we
should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er, Still Britons they'll find to re -



} | r : r .r | s₁ : r .r | r : t₁ .d | r : m .m {

sons of the waves? } Heart of oak are our ships, jol - ly
can - not do more.
ceive them on shore.



} | m : d .r | m : - .m | r .d : t₁, m | d, l₁ - : | d, d - : s₁ | m₁, d₁ - : .s₁ {

tars are our men; We al - ways are ready, steady, boys, steady; We'll



} | l₁ ., t₁ : d .r | m : r .d | s : s₁ .s₁ | d : : ||

fight and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

Under the greenwood tree.

17th Century.

Allegro moderato.

KEY G. } m: f | s :-: s | s :-: f | m :-: r | d : r : m | r :-: s | l : - : t | d :-: - | - : - ||

1. In summer-time, when flow'rs do spring and birds sit on each tree, Let
2. Our mu-sic is a lit-tle pipe that can so sweet-ly play; We

mournful hearts say what they will, There's none so merry as we;
hire old Hal from Whit-suntide To lat - ter Lam-mas day;

With
On

joy - ous sound we ga - ther round, Our hearts are full of glee ; Oh !
high days and on hol - i - days To join our sport comes he, And

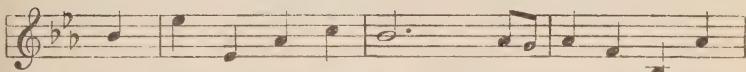
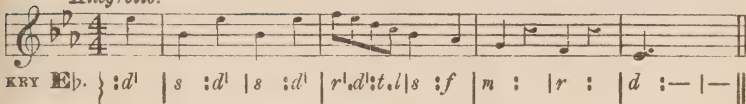
how we skip it, caper and trip it Under the greenwood tree. }
then we skip it, caper and trip it Under the greenwood tree. } In

summer-time, when flow'rs do spring and birds sit on each tree, Let

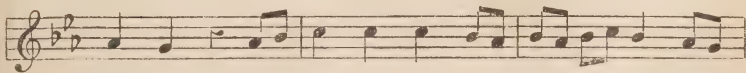
mournful hearts say what they will. There's none so merry as we!

58 Song of the Loom.

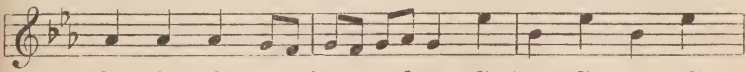
FLORENCE HOARE.

Old English Melody.
"Gossip Joan."*Allegretto.*

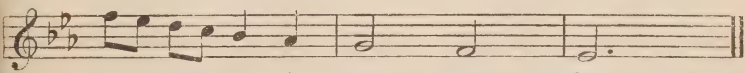
- { :s | d' :d | f :l | s :— |— :f.m | f :r | s :f {
1. Fly, fly, my shut-tle, fly, The shades of night are
 2. Sing, sing, my bu - sy loom, There's mu - sic in thy
 3. Turn, lit - tle bob - bin, turn, The mo - ments fast are



- { | f :m | :f.s | l :l | l :s.f | s.f:s.l | s :f.m {
- creeping, And with thy glid - ing, shift - ing thread Our
humming: The skein is long, the silk is fine, And
fly - ing: No wand'ring thought our work shall spoil; He



- { | f :f | f :m.r | m.r:m.f | m :d' | s :d' | s :d' {
- hands must weave the chil-dren's bread, So low, so high, While
Time or chance shall not un-twine, So sing, so sing, Good
knows not rest who knows not toil, So turn, so turn, Our



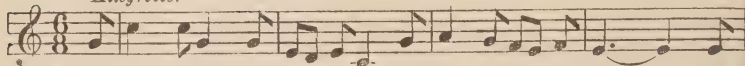
- { | r'.d' :t.l | s :f | m :— | r :— | d :— |— ||
- they lie sleeping, Fly, fly, fly!
For - tune's com - ing, Sing, sing, sing!
need sup - ply - ing, Turn, turn, turn!

59

Hunting we will go.

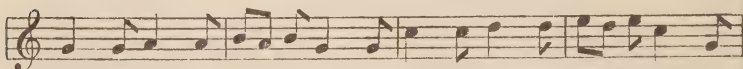
HENRY FIELDING.

Attributed to Dr. ARNE.

Allegretto.

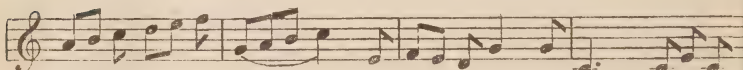
KEY C } s | d' :- d' | s :- s | m : r : m | d' :- s | l :- s | f : m : f | m :- :- | - :- m {

1. The dusky night rides down the sky, And ushers in the morn ; The
 2. A brushing fox in yonder wood Se-cure to find we seek ; For
 3. A - way he goes, he flies, the rout Their steeds all spur and switch ; Some
 4. At length his strength to faintness worn, Poor Reynard ceases flight, Then



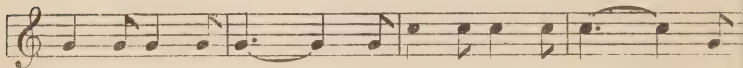
} s :- s | l :- l | t : l : t | s :- s | d' :- d' | r' :- r' | m' : r' : m' | d' :- s {

hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The hounds all join in glo-rious cry, The
 why ? I car-ried sound and good, For why ? I car-ried sound and good A
 are thrown in and some thrown out, Some are thrown in and some thrown out, And
 hun- gry homeward we re-turn, Then hungry homeward we re-turn To



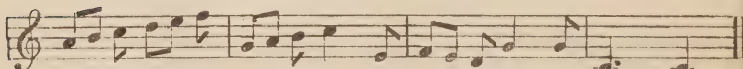
} l : t : d' | r' : m' : f' | s : l : t | d' :- m | f : m : r | s :- s | d' :- :- | - :- m : d {

huntsman winds his horn, The huntsman winds his horn.
 cart-load there last week, A cart-load there last week.
 some thrown in the ditch, And some thrown in the ditch. } Then a-
 feast a-way the night, To feast a-way the night.



} s :- s | s :- s | s :- :- | - :- s | d' :- d' | d' :- d' | d' :- :- | - :- s {

hunt-ing we will go, A hunt-ing we will go, A-



} l : t : d' | r' : m' : f' | s : l : t | d' :- m | f : m : r | s :- s | d' :- :- | - :- ||

hunting, hunt-ing we will go, A-hunt-ing we will go.

60

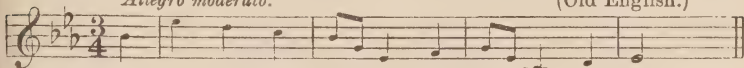
The Cavalier.

From Sir WALTER SCOTT'S "Rokeby."

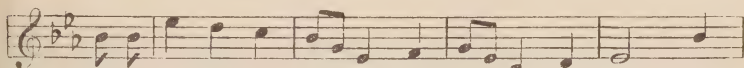
Tune, "Polly Oliver."

Allegro moderato.

(Old English.)



KEY $\text{E}\flat$. } : s | d' : t : l | s . m : d : r | m . d : l_1 : t_1 | d : - ||



} : s . s | d' : t : l | s . m : d : r | m . d : l_1 : t_1 | d : - : s {

1. While the dawn on the mountain was mist-y and grey, My
 2. He has doff'd the silk doub-let, the breast-plate to bear, He has
 3. For the rights of fair Eng-land that broad-sword he draws; Her



} l : t : d' | r' . t : s : l . t | d' : m : fe | s : - : s . s {

true love has mounted his steed, and a - way O-ver
 placed the steel-cap o'er his long-flow-ing hair, From his
 King is his lead-er, her Church is his cause; Her



} l . t : d' : r' | t : s . f : m . r | d : r : m | l : - : t {

hill, o - ver val - ley, o'er dale and o'er down; Heav'n
 belt to his stir-rup his broad-sword hangs down; Heav'n
 watchword is hon-our, his pay is re - nown; God



} d' : t : l | s . m : d : r | m . d : l_1 : t_1 | d : - ||

shield the brave gal - lant that fights for the Crown!
 shield the brave gal - lant that fights for the Crown!
 strike with the gal - lant that strikes for the Crown!

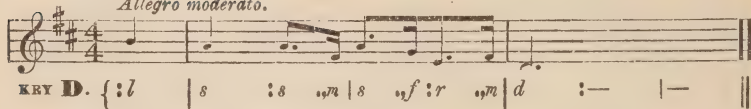
- 4 They may boast of their Fairfax, their Waller, and all
 The round-headed rebels of Westminster Hall;
 But tell these bold traitors of London's proud town
 That the spears of the north have encircled the Crown
- 5 Now joy to the crest of the brave cavalier!
 Be his banner unconquered, resistless his spear,
 Till in peace and in triumph his toils he may drown
 In a pledge to fair England, her Church and her Crown.

61

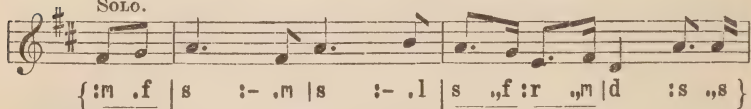
The Mermaid.

Traditional.

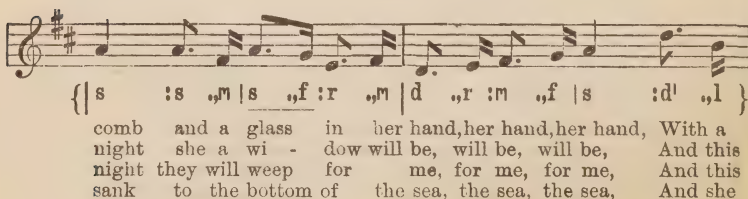
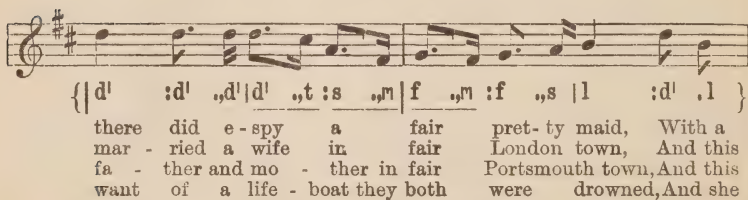
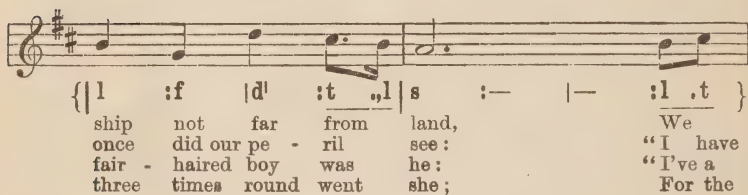
Old Sea Song.

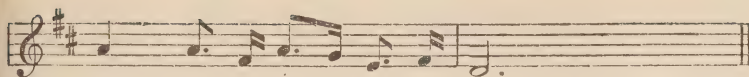
Allegro moderato.

SOLO.



1. One Fri - day morn as we set sail, And our
2. Then up spoke the cap - tain of our gallant ship, Who at
3. Then up and spoke the lit - tle cab - in boy, And a
4. Then three times round went our gal-lant ship, And

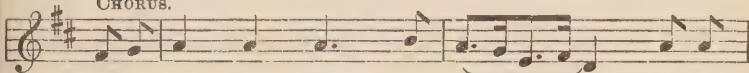




{ s :s „m :s „f :r „m | d :— |— ||

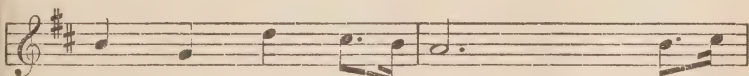
comb and a glass in her hand.
 night she a wi - dow will be."
 night they will weep for me."
 sank to the bot-tom of the sea.

CHORUS.



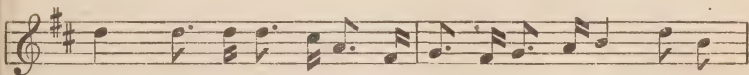
{ „m .f | s :s | s :— .l | s „f :r „m | d :s .s }

While the rag - ing seas did roar, And the
 For the rag - ing seas did roar, And the
 For the rag - ing seas did roar, And the
 For the rag - ing seas did roar, And the



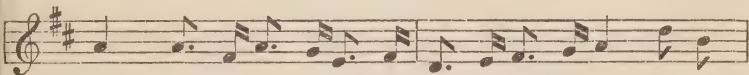
{ | l :f | d' :t „l | s :— |— :l „t }

storm - y winds did blow, And



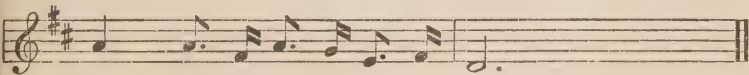
{ | d' :d' „d' | d' „t :s „m | f „m :f „s | l :d' .l }

we jol - ly sail-or boys were sit-ting up a - loft, And the



{ | s :s „m | s „f :r „m | d „r :m „f | s :d' .l }

land - lubbers ly - ing down be-low, be-low, be-low, And the



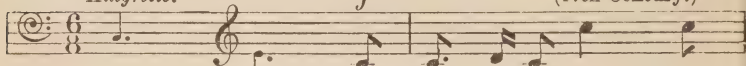
{ | s :s „m | s „f :r „m | d :— |— ||

land - lub-bers ly - ing down be-low.

62

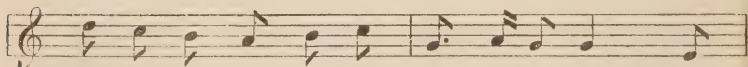
Come, lasses and lads.

From "The Westminster Drollery," 1672.

Tune, "Away to the Maypole."
(17th Century.)*Allegretto.**f*

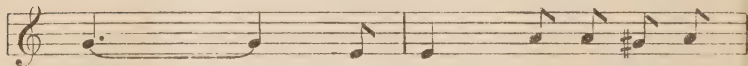
KEY C. } | d₁ :- | - | m :- :d | d :- .r:d | d₁ :- :d₁ {

1. Come, lass - es and lads, get
 2. "You're out," says Dick; "Not
 3. "Good-night," says Harry, "Good-



| r₁ :d₁ :t | l :t :d₁ | s :- .l:s | s :- :m {

leave of your dads, And a - way to the May - pole
 I," says Nick, 'Twas the fid - dler played it
 night," says Mary, "Good-night," says Poll to



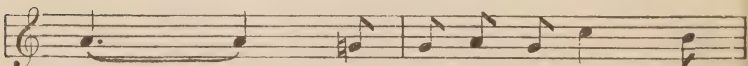
| s :- :- | - :- :m | m :- :l | l :se :l {

hie, For ev - 'ry fair has a
 wrong; "Tis true," says Hugh, and
 John; "Good-night," says Sue to her



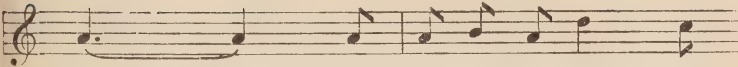
| m :- :l | l :- .l:t | d₁ :t :l | t :- :se {

sweet - heart there, And the fid - dler's stand - ing
 so says Sue, And so says ev - 'ry
 sweet - heart Hugh, "Good-night," says ev - 'ry




| l :- :- | - :- :s | s :l :s | d₁ :- :t {


by. For Wil - lie shall dance with
 one. The fid - dler then be -
 one. Some walked and some did




{ | l :- :- | - :- :l | l :t :l | r! :- :d! {
 Jane, And John-ny has got his
 gan To play the tune a -
 run, Some loi - tered on the




{ | t :- :- | - :d! :r! | m! :- :d! | r! :- :t {
 Joan, To trip it, trip it,
 gain, And ev - 'ry girl did
 way, And bound them-selves by



{ | d! :t :l | s :- :m | s :l :t | d! :- :m {
 trip it, trip it, Trip it up and
 trip it, trip it, Trip it to the
 kiss - es twelve To meet next hol - i -



{ | r :- :- | - :d! :r! | m! :- :d! | r! :- :t {
 down, To trip it, trip it,
 men, And ev - 'ry girl did
 day, And bound them-selves by



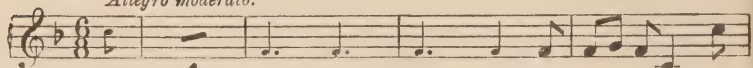
{ | d! :t :l | s :- :m | f :s :l | s :- :t | d! :- :- | - :- :- ||
 trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.
 trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.
 kiss - es twelve To meet next hol - i - day.

63

The useful plough.

Old Song.

16th Century.

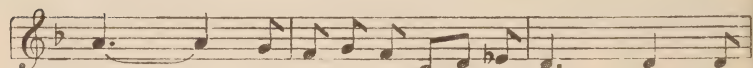
Allegro moderato.


4

KEY **F**. { :s | *Four meas.* d :-:- | d :-:- | d :-:- | d :-:- | d :r :d | s₁ :-:- :s {

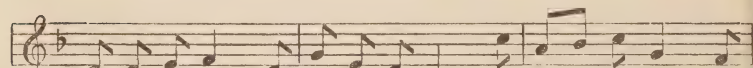
Symphony.

1. A country life is
2. They rise with the morning



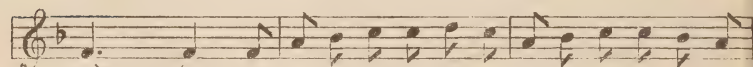
{ | m :-:- | -:- :r | d :r :d | s₁ :l₁ :ta | l₁ :-:- | -:- :l₁ {

sweet ; In mod-e- rate cold and heat To
lark, And labour till al - most dark ; Then



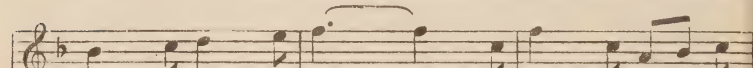
{ | l₁ :l₁ :t₁ | d :-:- :l₁ | r :t₁ :l₁ | s₁ :-:- :s | m :f :s | r :-:- :d {

walk in the air, how pleasant and fair, In ev - 'ry field of
folding their sheep they hasten to sleep, While ev - 'ry plea - sant



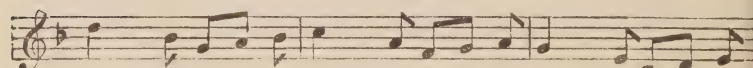
{ | d :-:- | -:- :d | m :f :s | s :l :s | m :f :s | s :f :m {

wheat, The fairest of flowers a - dorning the bowers, And
park Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing On



{ | f :-:- :s | l :-:- :t | d¹ :-:- | -:- :s | d¹ :-:- :s | m :f :s {

ev - 'ry mountain's brow ; So that I say no
each green ten - der bough ; With what con- tent and



{ | l :-:- :f | r :m :f | s :-:- :m | d :r :m | r :-:- :t₁ | s₁ :l₁ :t₁ {

cour - tier may Compare with them who clothe in grey, And
mer - ri - ment Their days are spent whose minds are bent To



{ | d : r : d | l : t : d | r : - : d | t : l : s : | d : r : m | r : - : d | d : - : - | - : - : }

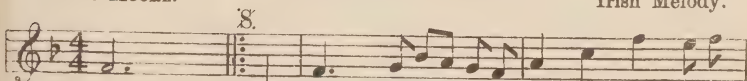
follow the use - ful plough, And follow the use - ful plough.
follow the use - ful plough, To follow the use - ful plough.

64

The Minstrel Boy.

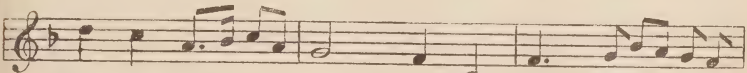
THOMAS MOORE.

Irish Melody.



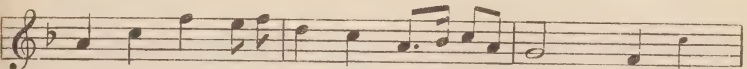
KEY F. { | d : - | - || s : | d : - . r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' {

1. The min - strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The min - strel fell, but the foeman's chain Could not



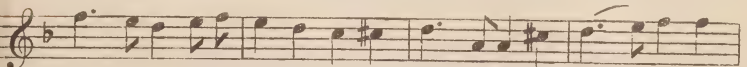
{ | l : s | m . f : s . m | r : - | d : s : | d : - . r | f . m : r . d {

ranks of death you'll find him; His fa - ther's sword he hath
bring that proud soul un - der; The harp he loved ne'er



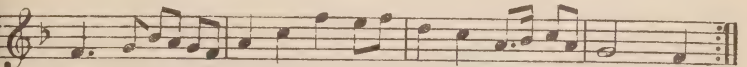
{ | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s : | m . f : s . m | r : - | d : (s) {

gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.
spoke a - gain, For he tore its cords a - sun - der, And



{ | d' : - . t | l : t . d' | t : l : s : s e | l : - . m | m : s e | l : - . t | d' : d' {

"Land of song," said the warrior bard, "Tho' all the world betray thee, One
said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and bra - ve - ry, Thy



{ | d : - . r | f . m : r . d | m : s | d' : t . d' | l : s : | m . f : s . m | r : - | d ||

sword at least thy rights shall guard, One faithful harp shall praise thee."
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall never sound in slave - ry."

65

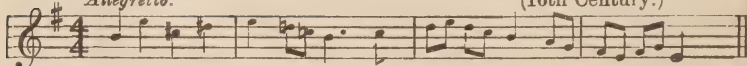
The Maypole.

Traditional.

Tune from the Staines Morris.

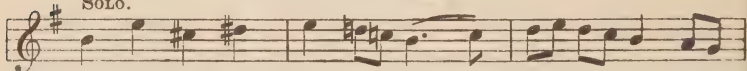
Allegretto.

(16th Century.)



Lah is E. } | m : l | ba : se | l : s. f | m : - f | s. l : s. f | m : r. d | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : - |

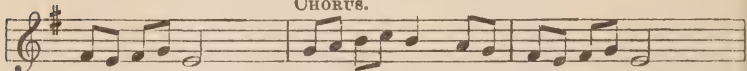
Solo.



} | m : l | ba : se | l : s. f | m : - f | s. l : s. f | m : r. d |

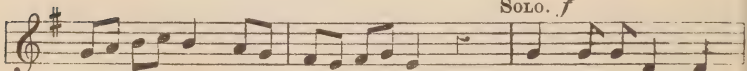
- | | |
|--|---------------------|
| 1. Come, ye young men, haste a - long | With your mu - sic, |
| 2. 'Tis the choice time of the year, | For the vio - lets |
| 3. When you thus have spent your time, | And the day is |

CHORUS.



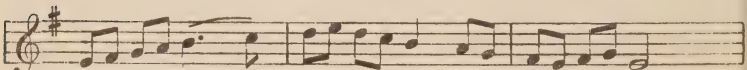
} | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : - | d. r : m. f | m : r. d | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : - |

- | | |
|------------------|---|
| dance, and song, | Bring your lass - es in your hands, |
| now ap - pear, | Now the rose re - ceives its birth, And |
| past its prime, | To your beds re - pair at night, |

Solo. *f*

} | d. r : m. f | m : r. d | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : | d : d. d | s₁ : s₁ |

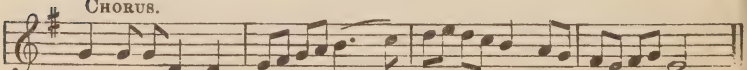
- | | |
|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| For 'tis that which spring com-mands. | } Then to the May-pole |
| pret-ty prim-rose decks the earth. | |
| There to dream of day's de - light. | |



} | l₁. t₁ : d. r | m : - f | s. l : s. f | m : r. d | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : - |

- | | |
|----------------|-------------------------------|
| haste a - way, | For 'tis now a hol - i - day, |
|----------------|-------------------------------|

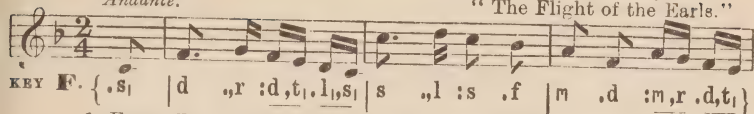
CHORUS.



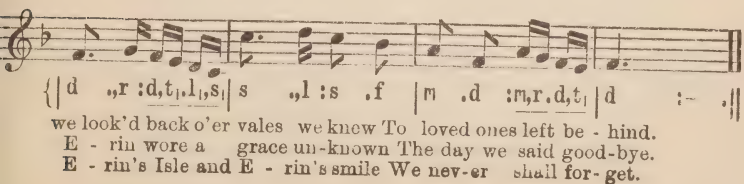
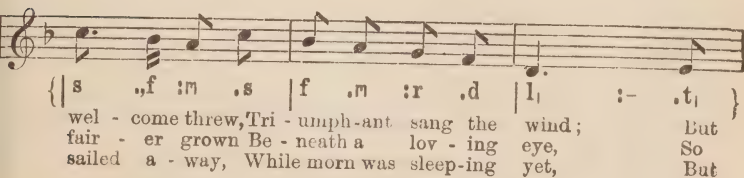
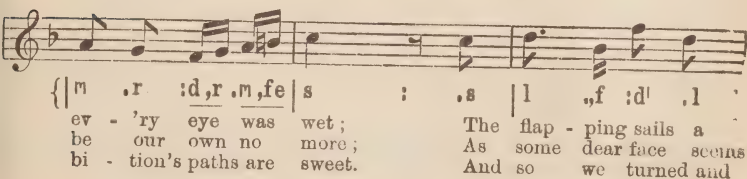
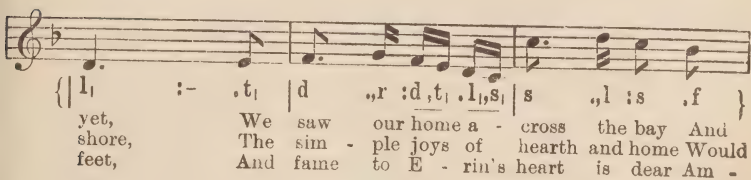
} | d : d. d | s₁ : s₁ | l₁. t₁ : d. r | m : - f | s. l : s. f | m : r. d | t₁. l₁ : t₁. d | l₁ : - |

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| Then to the Maypole haste a - way, | For 'tis now a hol - i - day. |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------|

66 From Erin's shores.

FLORENCE HOARE.
*Andante.*Irish Melody.
"The Flight of the Earls."

1. From E - rin's shores we sailed a-way, While morn was sleep-ing
2. Tho' mem - o - ry should smil - ing come To cheer the dis - tant
3. Yet sang the breez - es in our ear Like beat of mar - tial

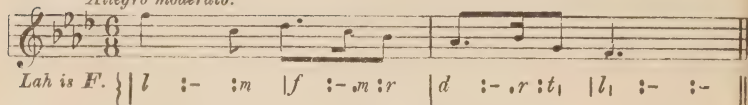


67

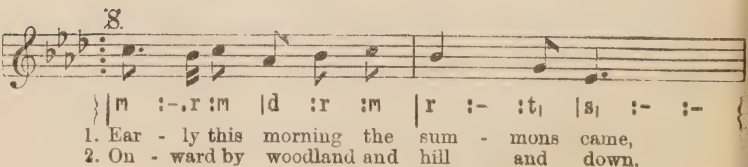
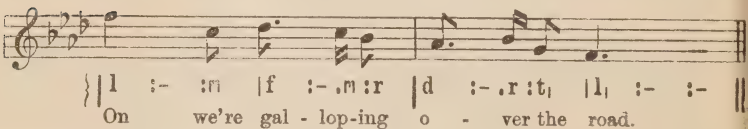
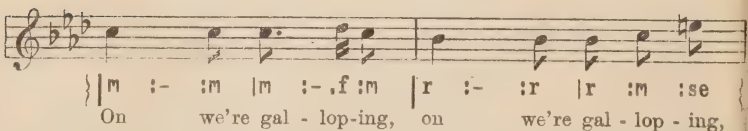
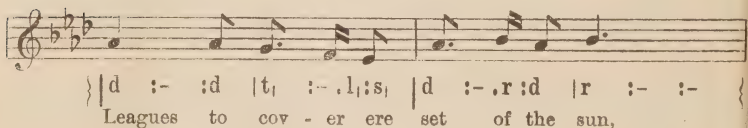
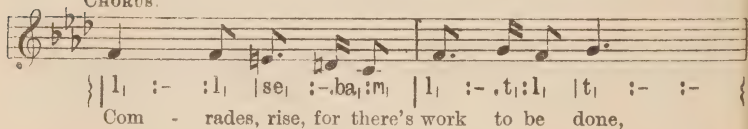
Cavalier Song.

HENRY GRAHAM.

Old Welsh Melody.

Allegro moderato.

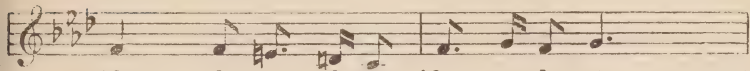
CHORUS.





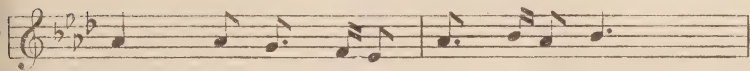
{ | d :- .t, :d | l, :t, :d | t, :- :se, | m, :- :- {

Ride we in an - swer with hearts a flame
On - ward through village and mar - ket town.



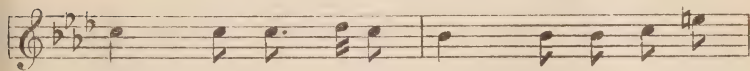
{ | l, :- :l, | se, :-, ba, :m, | l, :- .t, :l, | t, :- :- {

Com - rades, ride, for there's work to be done,



{ | d :- :d | t, :- .l, :s, | d :- .r :d | r :- :- {

Leagues to cov - er ere set of the sun,



{ | m :- :m | m :- .f :m | r :- :r | r :m :se {

On we're gal - lop-ing, on we're gal - lop - ing,

D.S. vs. 2, 3, 4, 5.



{ | l :- :m | f :- .m :r | d :- .r :t, | l, :- :- ||

On we're gal - lop-ing ov - er the road.

3 Cromwell and Essex and Fairfax tall,
Oh ! but we're ready to meet them all.
Comrades, ride, &c.

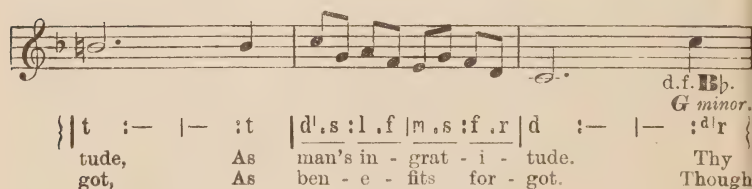
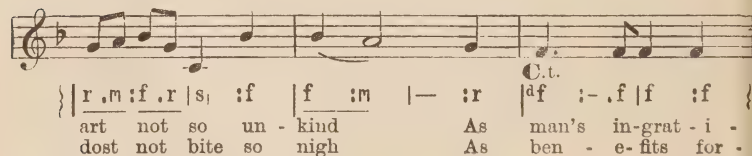
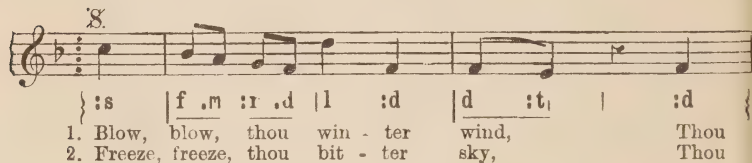
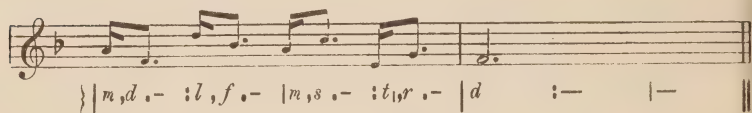
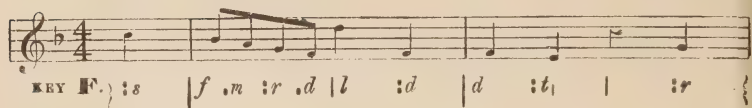
4 Atherton Moor was a glorious scene ;
Newbury showed that our swords were keen.
Comrades, ride, &c.

5 Now for a third to complete the tale,
Soon shall King Charles and the right prevail.
Comrades, ride, &c.

68 Blow, blow, thou winter wind.

SHAKESPEARE.

ARNE





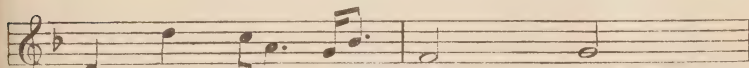
{ | r .d :t, .l, | d .t, :l, .se, | l, .t, :d | — :t, m .r {
 cause thou are not seen, Thy
 sting is not so sharp, Thy



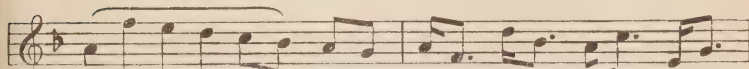
{ | f .m :r .d | s .f :m .r | s :— | l : .d {
 tooth is not so keen, Be -
 sting is not so sharp As



{ | t, :d | f :m | m :r | s :— | f .m :r .d | s :ta, {
 cause thou art not seen, Al - though thy breath be
 friends re-mem-ber'd not : Thy sting is not so



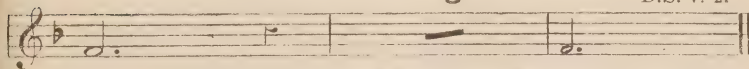
{ | l, :l | s, m. - :r, f, - | d :— | r :— {
 rude, Al - though thy breath be
 sharp As friends re - mem - ber'd



{ | m .d :t .l | s .f :m .r | m, d. - :l, f, - | m, s. - :t, r, - {
 rude, Al - though thy breath be
 not, As friends re - mem - ber'd

3

D.S. v. 2.



{ | d — | — : | Three meas. Symphony. | d :— | — ||
 rude.
 not.

69

Where the bee sucks.

SHAKESPEARE.

ARNE.

KEY F. } | m :- .f | s : l | r : s | m : s .m | d^l : m .f {

} | s .m : l | f .r : s | m :- | d^l .m^l : d^l | d^l .m^l : d^l | d^l .m^l : d^l {

} | d^l :- .t l | s .m : d | l .f : r .f | m .d : s .t | d :- ||

8 p
 } | m :- .f | s : l | r : s | m :- | : m .f {
 Where the bee sucks there suck I, In a

} | s .m : l | f .r : s | m :- | m^l :- .t | d^l :- .m | f :- .f {
 cow-slip's bell I lie; There I couch where owls do

cres.
 } | m : s | l :- .f | s :- .m | f :- .r | m :- | : d^l .m {
 cry, where owls do cry, where owls do cry. On a

} | f : f | r^l .d^l : t .l | s .t : d^l .r^l | m^l .r^l : d^l .t | l .d^l : r^l .m^l | f^l .m^l : r^l .d^l {
 bat's back do I fly

{ | t : | d' : m' d' | d' : d' | d' m' d' | d' m' d' | r' d' : t . l {

Af - ter sun - set merrily, merrily, Af - ter

D.S.

{ | s : d' | f' . l : d' . t | d' : — | : | : | : ||

sun - set mer - ri - ly.

S. mp

f. ff.

{ | d' s . m : s | f . r : f | m . d : m | r : — | s : m . s {

Merri-ly, merri-ly shall I live now, Un - der the

cres.

{ | f . r : — . f | m : d . m | r : — | s . m : d {

blossom that hangs on the bough, Merri - ly,

{ | l . f : r | s . m : d | f : — | m : m „ f {

merri - ly shall I live now, Un - der the

f

{ | s . s : . l | r : s „ f | m : — | d' : s „ f {

blossom that hangs on the bough, Un - der the

dim.

D.S.

4

{ | m . d : . r | s : d „ t | d : — ||

blossom that hangs on the bough.

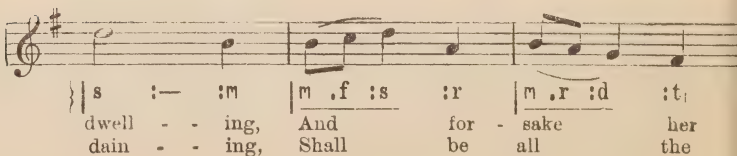
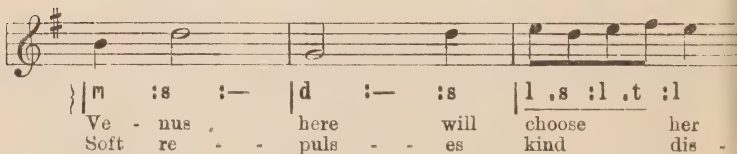
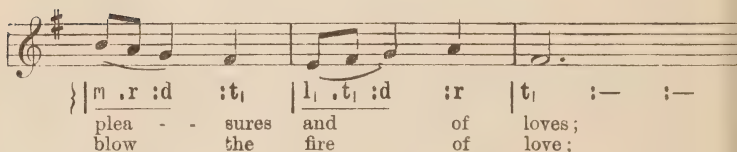
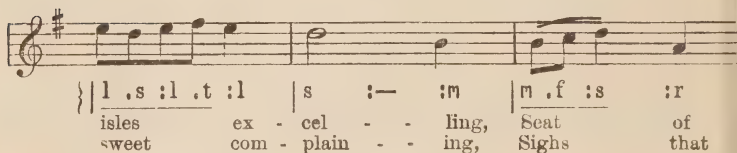
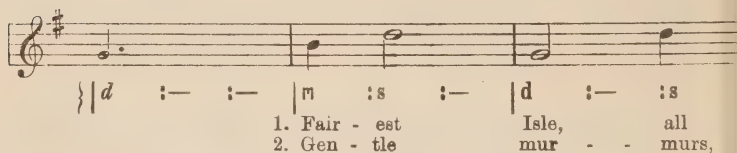
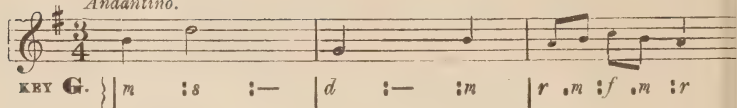
Four measures
Symphony.

70

Fairest Isle.

DRYDEN.

PURCELL.

Andantino.

| $\underline{ḷ . ṭ} : ḍ : ṛ$ | $ṭ : - : -$ | $ṛ : ṭ : -$ |
 Cy - prian groves. Cu - pid
 pains you prove. Ev - 'ry

| $ṃ : - : ḍ$ | $f̣ : ṛ : -$ | $ṃ ṭ : - : ṭ$ |
 from his fav - 'rite na - - tion
 swain shall pay his du - - ty,

| $\underline{ṭ . ḍ} : ṛ : ṃ : ṛ$ | $se : - : ḷ$ | $\underline{ḷ . ṭ} : ḍ : ṭ . ḷ$ |
 Care and en - - vy will re -
 Grate - ful ev - - 'ry nymph shall

| $ḷ : - : -$ | $ṛ ị ṣ : ṃ : -$ | $ḍ : - : ṃ$ |
 move; Jeal - ous - - y that
 prove; And as these ex -

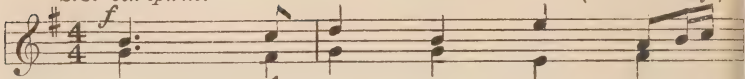
| $\underline{f̣ . ṃ} : ṛ . ṃ : ṛ . ḍ$ | $ṛ : ṣ : -$ | $\underline{ḍ . ṭ} : ḷ : f̣$ |
 poi - - sons pas - sion, And de -
 cel in beau - ty, Those shall

| $\underline{f̣ . ṃ} : ṛ : ṣ$ | $\underline{ṣ . f̣} : ṃ : ṛ$ | $ḍ : - : -$ ||
 spair that dies for love.
 be re - nowned for love.

SECTION IV

71

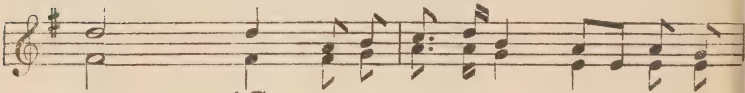
Dulce Domum.

FROM JOHN READING.
S.C. *Con spirito.*JOHN READING.
(17th Century.)

KEY G. { | m :- .f | s :- m | l :- r .m ,f }
 { | d :- .t, | d :- d | l, :- t, }
 1. Come, com - pan - ions, join your
 2. Quit, my wea - ry muse, your



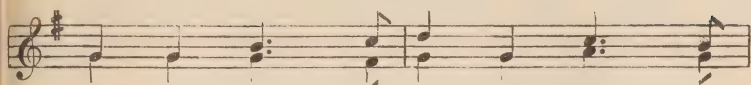
D.t.
 { | f .m :r .d | m l :- .t | d' :r' | d' :t }
 { | d :- t, .d | d f :- .f | s :f | m :r }
 voic - es, Hearts with pleas - ure bound -
 la - bours, Quit your books and learn -



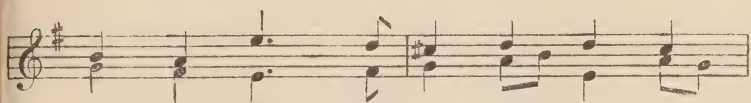
f.G.
 { | d' :- | d' s :r .m | f .s :m | r .l, :r .d }
 { | m :- | m t, :t, .d | r .r :d | l, :l, .l, }
 ing, Sing we the no - ble lay, Sweet song of
 ing; Ban - ish all cares a - way, Wel - come the




{ | d .t, :l, .s, | s :- .m | l :- r .m ,f | m :r }
 { | s, .s, :f e, s, | s, :- .d | d :r | d :t, }
 hol - i - day, Joys of Home, sweet Home re -
 hol - i - day, Hearts for Home and free - dom



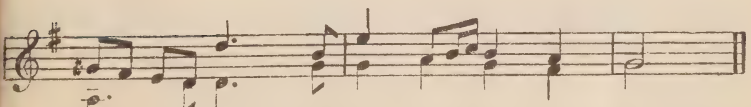
{ | d :d | m :- .f | s :d | f :- .m {
 { | d :d | d :- .t, | d :d | r :- .d {
 sound - ing. } Home, sweet Home with ev - 'ry
 yearn - ing. }



{ | m :r | ^{D.t.} l r' :- .d' | t :d' | d' :t {
 { | d :t, | l r' :- .m | f :s .l | r :s .f {
 pleas - ure, Home with ev - 'ry bless - ing



{ | d' :- | ^{f.G.} d' s :- .m | l :- .s | f .m :r .d {
 { | m :- | f d :- .d | d :- .s, | l, :l, {
 crowned : Home, our best de - light and

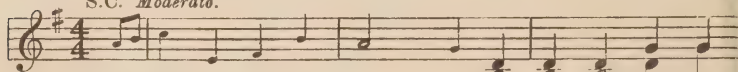


{ | d .t, :l, .s, | s :- .m | l :r .m, f | m :r | d :- ||
 { | r, :- .s, | s, :- .d | d :r | d :t, | d :- ||
 treas - ure, Home! the wel - come strain re - sound

72 When the King enjoys his own again.

From an old ballad, 1643.

17th Century.

S.C. *Moderato*.

KEY G.

{ :r.m | f :l₁ | t₁ :m | r :— | d :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | d :d
 : : : : : : : :m₁ | m₁ :m₁ | s₁ :d

1. Let sage or schol-ar
2. Though for a time we
3. Full for - ty years the



{ r .m :f .s | m :r .m | f :l₁ | t₁ :m
 d :t₁ | d :r .d | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :s₁

vex his pate Con - cern - ing kings' and
 see White - hall With cob - webs hang - ing
 roy - al crown Hath been his fa - ther's




{ r :- .d | d :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ | d :d
 l₁ :t₁ | d :m₁ | m₁ :m₁ | s₁ :d

king - doms' fate, I think my - self to
 on the wall, In - stead of silk and
 and his own; And is there an - y



{ r .m :f .s | m :r .m | f :l₁ | t₁ :m
 d :t₁ | d :r .d | l₁ :l₁ | s₁ :s₁


be as wise As he who gaz - eth
 sil - ver brave, Which form - er - ly it
 one but he That in the same should



D.t.


{	r	:-	.d		d	:	m		s	:	m	.f		s	:	l	}
{	l	:	t		d	:	s		d	:	d	.d		d	:	d	}

on the skies; My skill goes be-yond the
 used to have; With rich per-fume in
 shar-er be? For who bet-ter may the



{	s	.f	:	m	.f		s	:	l		s	.f	:	m	.f		s	:	f	.m	}
{	d	:	d		d	:	l	.t		d	:	d		d	.m	:	r	.d	}		


depths of a pond, Or riv-ers in the
 ev-'ry room, De-light-ful to that
 scep-tre sway Than he that hath such



f. G.

{	r	:-	.d		d	s	:	s		s	:	s	.f		m	:	m	}
{	d	:	t		d	s	:	s		d	:	r	.r		s	:	d	}

great-est rain, Where-by I can tell all
 prince-ly train, Which a-gain you shall see when the
 right to reign, Then let's hope for peace, for the



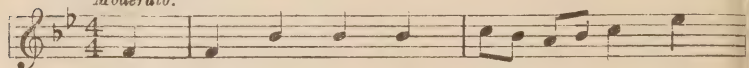
{	r	.m	.f	:	s		m	:	r	.m		f	:	l		t	:	m		r	:-	.d		d	
{	d	:	t	.t		d	:	t	.t		l	:	l		s	:	s		l	:	t		d		

things will be well When the King en-joys his own a-gain.
 time it shall be That the King en-joys his own a-gain.
 war will not cease Till the King en-joys his own a-gain.

73 The Lass of Richmond Hill.

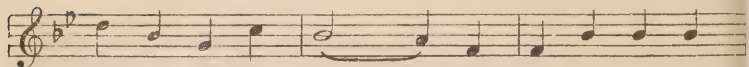
LEONARD MACNALLY, 1785.

Hook.

Moderato.

KEY **B \flat** . { :s₁ | s₁ :d | d :d | r .d :t₁ .d | r :f {

1. On Rich - mond Hill there lives a lass More
 2. Ye ze - phyr's gay that fan the air, And
 3. How hap - py will the shep - herd be Who



{ | m :d | l₁ :r | d :— | t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d | d :d {

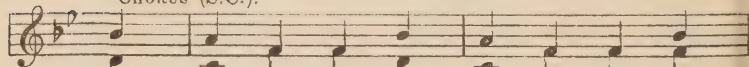
bright than May-day morn, Whose charms all oth - er
 wan-ton thro' the grove, Oh, whis-per to my
 calls this nymph his own! Oh, may her choice be



{ | r .d :t₁ .d | r :d | t₁ :s₁ | l₁ :fe₁ | s₁ :— | — |

maids sur - pass, A rose with-out a thorn.
 charm-ing fair, I die for her I love.
 fixed on me! Mine's fixed on her a - lone.

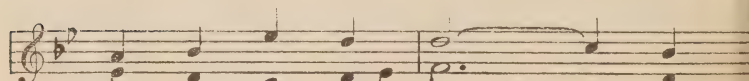
CHORUS (S.C.).



{ :d | t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d | t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d {

{ :m₁ | r₁ :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ | r₁ :s₁ | s₁ :s₁ {

This lass so neat, With smiles so sweet, Has



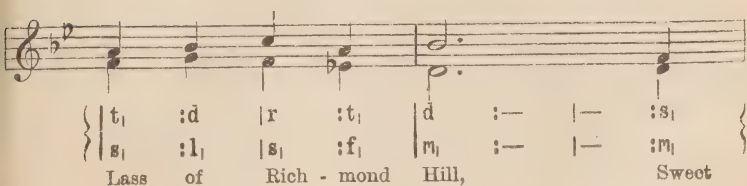
{ | t₁ :d | f :m | m :— | r :d {

{ | f₁ :m₁ | r₁ :m₁ .f₁ | s₁ :— | — | :m₁ {

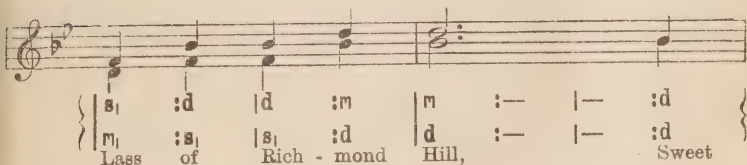
won my right good - will. I'd



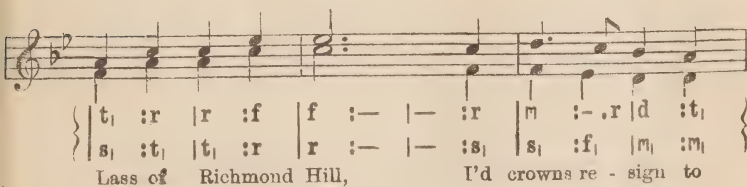
{ t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d | t₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d }
 { r₁ :s₁ | s₁ :m₁ | r₁ :s₁ | s₁ :fe₁ }
 crowns re - sign to call thee mine, Sweet



{ t₁ :d | r :t₁ | d :— | — :s₁ }
 { s₁ :l₁ | s₁ :f₁ | m₁ :— | — :m₁ }
 Lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet



{ s₁ :d | d :m | m :— | — :d }
 { m₁ :s₁ | s₁ :d | d :— | — :d }
 Lass of Rich - mond Hill, Sweet



{ t₁ :r | r :f | f :— | — :r | m :— .r | d :t₁ }
 { s₁ :t₁ | t₁ :r | r :— | — :s₁ | s₁ :f₁ | m₁ :m₁ }
 Lass of Richmond Hill, I'd crowns re - sign to



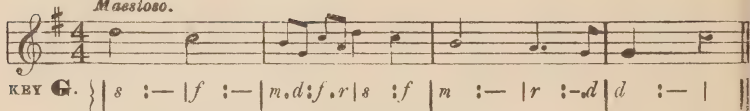
{ d :l₁ | s₁ :f₁ | m₁ :d | r₁ :t₁ | d :— | — }
 { m₁ :f₁ | s₁ :f₁ | m₁ :d | r₁ :t₁ | d :— | — }
 call the mine, Sweet Lass of Rich - mond Hill.

74

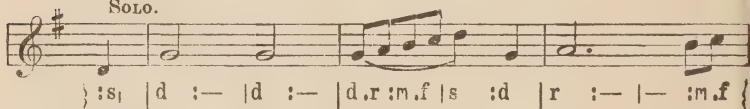
Rule, Britannia.

THOMSON.

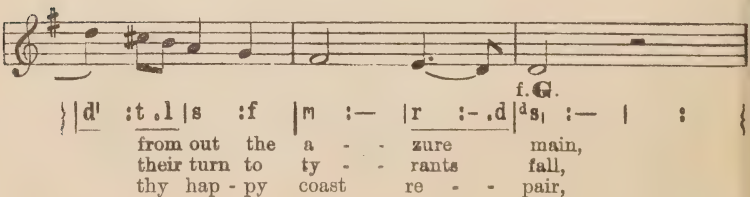
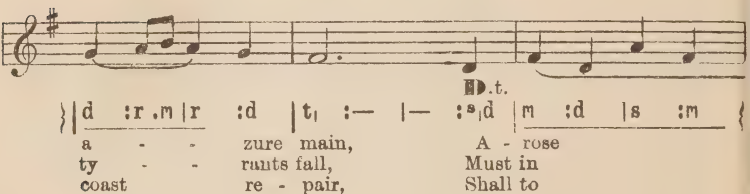
ARNE.

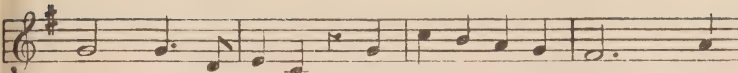
Maestoso.

Solo.

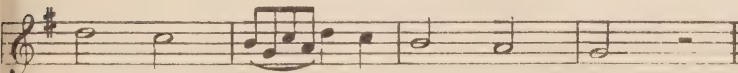


1. When Bri - tain first, at heav'n's com
 2. The na - tions not so blest as
 3. The mus - es, still with free - - dom






{ d :— | d :—s, | l, :f, | :d | f :m | r :d | t, :— | — :r {
 This was the charter, the charter of the land, And
 While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free, The
 Blest isle of beauty, with matchless beauty crown'd, And

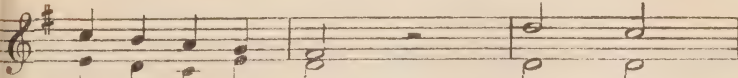


{ s :— | f :— | m.d:f.r | s :f | m :— | r :— | d :— | : ||
 guard - ian an - gels sang the strain:
 dread and en - vy of them all.
 man - ly hearts to guard the fair.

CHORUS (S.C.).

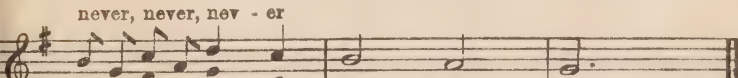


{ m :— | — :m | f :f | :m {
 { d :— | — :ta, | l, :l, | :l, }
 Rule, Bri - tan - nia, Bri -



{ f :m | r :d | t, :— | : | s :— | f :— {
 { l, :s, | f, :l, | s, :— | : | s, :— | s, :— }
 tan - nia, rule the waves, Bri - tons

never, never, nev - er



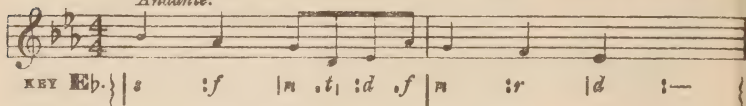
{ m .d :f .r | s :f | m :— | r :— | d :— | — ||
 { s, :t, | d :l, | s, :— | f, :— | m, :— | — ||
 never, never, nev - er shall be slaves.
 nev - er,

75

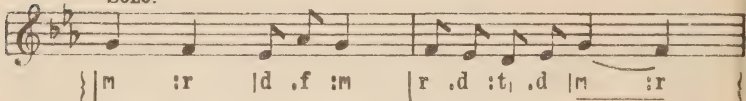
Prince Charlie's Farewell.

Rev. H. B. GEORGE.

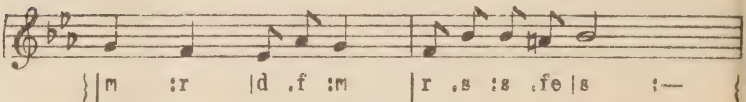
Tune, "Felton's Gavotte."

Andante.

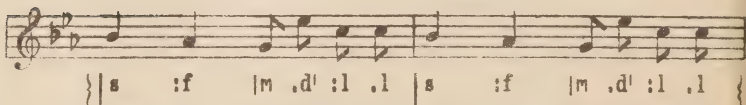
Solo.



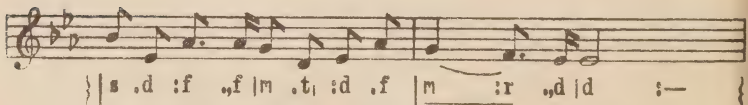
1. Blow, thou bit-ter gale From the frozen north.
2. Sinks the orb of light To the o - cean bed,
3. Far be - yond the sea, 'Neath the southern sun,
4. Sires whose roy-al right I have striven to claim,



Bear our fly-ing sail From its harbour forth ;
 Van - ish from my sight Shores I may not tread.
 Waits a home for me Till my race be run.
 Friends who died in fight For their ancient name,



Yet in vain thou piercest, Keen - er than thy fiercest
 Homes that here have perish'd, Dreams that once I cherish'd,
 Yet that ex - ile's dwelling Shall be ev - er tell-ing
 Haunt that sun-ny bow-er Till my lat - est hour,



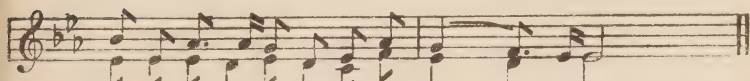
Is the blast of fate That chills my hopes to death.
 Pass with them away To see no mor - row's dawn.
 Of the fa-ther-land I nev-er more shall see.
 Lest the ex - ile sink In mere de-spair and shame.

CHORUS (S.C.).



{ s :f | m .d' :l .l | s :f | m .d' :l .l }
 { d :- .t, | d .s, :l, .t, | d :- .t, | d .s, :l, .t, }

Yet in vain thou piercest, Keen - er than thy fiercest
 Homes that here have perish'd, Dreams that once I cherish'd,
 Yet that ex-ile's dwelling Shall be ev - er tell-ing
 Haunt that sun-ny bow-er Till my lat-est hour,



{ s .d :f .f | m .t, :d .f | m :r .d | d :- }
 { d .d :d .t, | d .t, :l, .r | d :t, | d :- }

Is the blast of fate That chills my hopes to death.
 Pass with them away To see no mor - row's dawn.
 Of the fa-ther-land I nev-er more shall see.
 Lest the ex-ile sink In mere de - spair and shame.



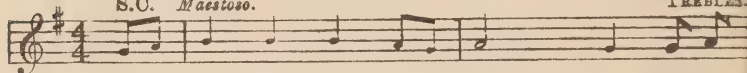
76 There's a health unto this Majesty.

Traditional.

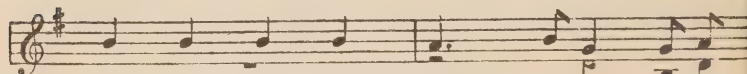
17th Century

S.C. *Maestoso.*

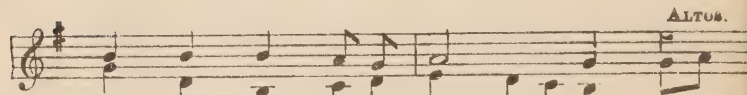
TREBLES.



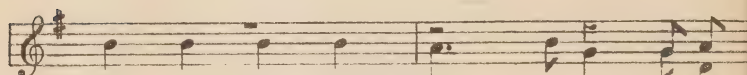
KEY G. } :d .r | m :m | m :r .d | r :— | d :d .r {



health un - to His Ma - jes-ty, With a
 { | m :m | m :m | r :- .m | d :d .r {
 : : : : : : : m .s }



fa la la la la la la la la! Con -
 { | m :m | m :r .d | r :- | d : : {
 | d :s | m | :f | s | l | :s | f | m | :d .r }



fu - sion to his en - e - mies, With a
 { | : : | : : | : : | d .r {
 | m :m | m :m | r :- .m | d :d .s }



fa la la la la la la la la! And
 fa la la la la la la la la la!
 { | m :m | m :r .d | r :- | d :d {
 | m .f | s .l | s .l | :t | d | d :t | d :d }

ALTOS.

he that will not wish him health He

{	m	:-	.f		s	:	m		l	:	l		s	:	m	}			
{	d	:-	.t,		d	:	d		l,	.t,	:	d	.	r		m	:	d	}

shall have nei - ther wit nor wealth, Nor

poco rall.

{	m	:-	.f		s	:	m		r	:	d		t,	:	d	.	r	}
{	d	:-	.t,		d	:	s,		fe,	:	l,		s,	:	d	.	r	}

yet a rope to hang him - self, With a

a tempo.

{	m	:	m		m	:	m		r	:	m		s,	:	d	.	r	}
{	m	:	m		m	:	m		r	:	m		s,	:	:	:	:	}

fa la la la la la la la la! With a

With a fa la la la! With a

{	m	:	m		m	:	r	.	d		r	.	d	:	r	.	m		f	:	d	.	r	}
{	:	:	:		:	:	s,	.	s,		s,	:	s,	:	s,	:	s,		s,	.	f,	:	:	}

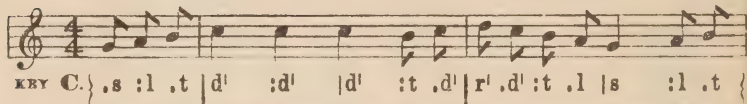
fa la la la la la la la la la! la!

fa la la la la la la la la la la la!

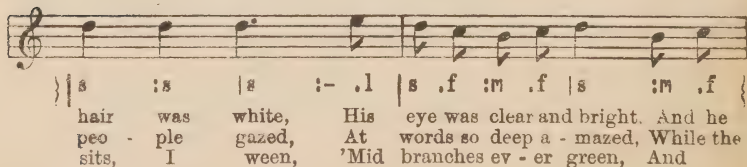
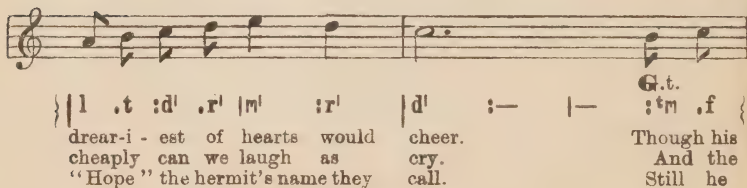
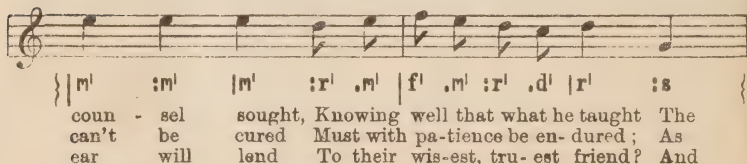
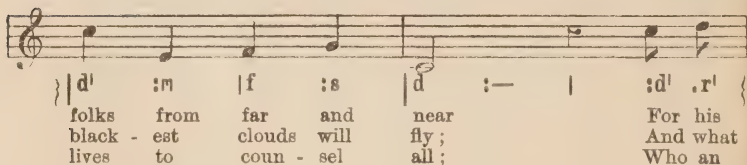
{	m	:	m		m	:	r	.	d		r	:	—		d	:	:		:	:	:	:	:	}		
{	m,	.	s,	:	d	.	t,		l,	.	s,	:	f,	.	m,		f,	.	s,	:	l,	.	t,		d	}

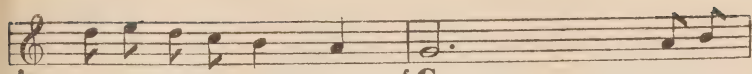
77

Hope, the Hermit.

J. OXENFORD.
*mf*Tune, "Lady Frances Nevill's Delight."
(17th Century.)

1. Once in a blithe green-wood Lived a hermit wise and good, Whom the
 2. The ve-ry long - est lane Has a turning, it is plain; E'en the
 3. Pray is the her - mit dead? From the forest has he fled? No, he





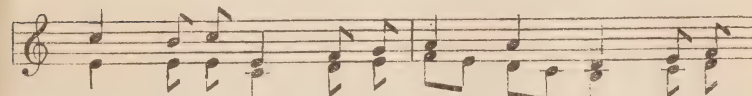
f.C.
 { s .l :s .f | m :r | d s :— |— :l .t {
 thus was ev - er wont to say :
 sage went on to say : } Though to -
 cheer-ly you may hear him say : }



{ d' :t .d' | m :f .s | l :l | r :m .f {
 care we are born, Yet the dull - est morn Oft - en



{ s .l :s .f | m :r | s :— |— :l .t {
 her-alds in the fair - est day ; } Though to
 :f .f }



{ d' :t .d' | m :f .s | l :l | r :m .f {
 care we are born, Yet the dull - est morn Oft - en
 m :m .m | d :r .m | f .m :r .d | t, :d .r }



{ s .l :s .f | m :r | d :— :||
 her - ald in the fair - est day .
 { d .d :d .r | d :t, | d :— :||

78

Royal Oak Day.

FLORENCE HOARE.

Tune—"The Twenty-ninth of May."
(Dancing Master, 1686.)

S. Allegretto.

KEY A. { : s | . l | | t | . d : r . m | f : l | | t | : l | . t | }

FINE. TREBLES.

{ | d : | d : || s : m | f : m | }

1. Oak tree, oak tree,
2. Oak tree, oak tree,

{ | r . d : t | . l | | s : m | f : l | | t | : l | . t | }

on a sum-mer day When boughs were green in
you shall ev-er be The type of lib - er -

{ | d : | : | | s : m | f : m | }

May;
ty, Hid - den by your
For the shel - ter

{ | r . d : t | . l | | s : m | f : l | | t | : l | . t | }

leaf - y spray The bon - nie Char - lie
that you gave A mer - ry heart and

ALTOs.

{ | d : | : | m₁ : s₁ | s₁ : s₁ . s₁ }

lay. Though they sought for him
brave. As un - chang'd by the

{ | f₁ : l₁ | l₁ : — | t₁ . d : r | t₁ . d : r }

far and near,
years you stand, 'Twas your pride thus to hide
 So your name, dear to fame,

TUTTI.

{ | : | : d . r | m : r . m | d : r . m }
| d . t₁ : l₁ . t₁ | s₁ : s₁ . f₁ | m₁ : s₁ | d : l₁ . l₁ }

Him who knew no fear. And they sought in vain on that
Shall our love com-mand. With a rib - bon blue we will

D.S.

{ | f : m . f | r : m . f | s : l₁ | t₁ : l₁ . t₁ | d }
| f₁ : l₁ | r . d : t₁ . l₁ | s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ ||

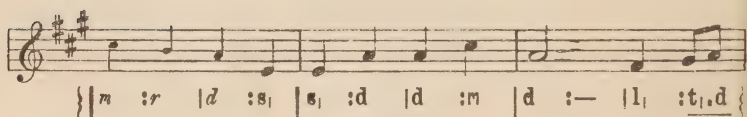
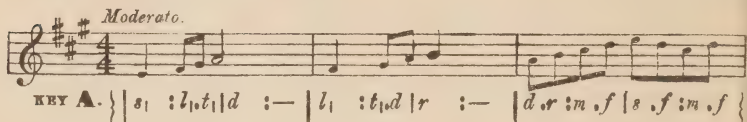
sum - mer day On the twen - ty - ninth of May.
bind your spray On the twen - ty - ninth of May.

79

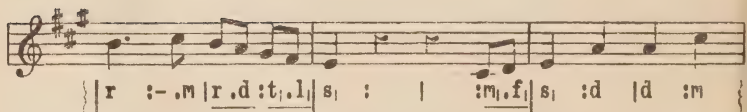
The Bay of Biscay.

ANDREW CHERRY.

J. DAVY.

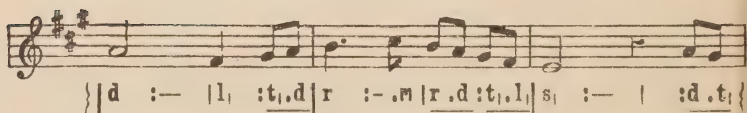


1. Loud roar'd the dreadful thun - der, The
2. Now dash'd on ev - 'ry bil - low, Her
3. At length the wish'd-for mor - row Broke
4. Her op' - ning tim - bers sev - er, Her

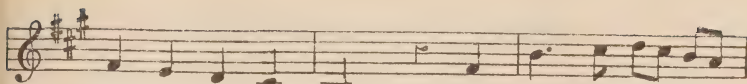


rain a del - uge showers;
 op' - ning tim - bers creak;
 through the ha - zy sky;
 pitch - y seams are rent,

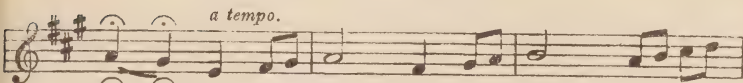
The clouds were rent a -
 Each dreads a wa - t'ry
 Ab - sorb'd in si - lent
 When heav'n, all bounteous



sun - der By light - ning's viv - id powers. The
 pil - low, None stop the dread - ful leak. To
 sor - row, Each heav'd a bit - ter sigh. The
 ev - er, Its bound - less mercy sent; A

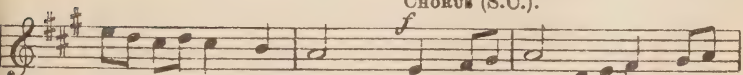


{ l₁ : s₁ | f₁ : m₁ | r₁ : — | : l₁ | r : — . m | f . m : r . d }
 night was drear and dark, Our poor, de-vot - ed
 cling to ship - p'ry shrouds, Each breath-less sea - man
 dis - mal wreck to view, Struck hor - ror to the
 ship in sight ap - pears, We hail her with three



{ ḍ : ṭ | s₁ : l₁, t₁ | d : — | l₁ : t₁, d | r : — | d . r : m . f }
 bark, There she lay, Till next day, In the
 crowds, As she lay, Till next day, In the
 crew, As she lay, On that day, In the
 cheers; Now we sail With the gale, From the

CHORUS (S.C.).



Bay of Bis - cay O. There she lay till next
 There she lay

{ s . f : m . f | m : r | d : — | s₁ : l₁, t₁ | d : — | l₁ : t₁, d }
 : : : : : m₁ : f₁, s₁ | l₁ : — }



day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.
 till next day In the Bay of Bis - cay, O.

{ r : — | d . r : m . f | s . f : m . f | m : r | d : — | : }
 { l₁, s₁ : l₁, t₁ | d : t₁, l₁ | s₁ : l₁ | s₁ : f₁ | m₁ : — | : }

80

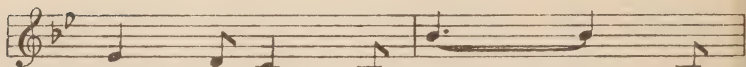
Come, brave companions.

J. OXENFORD.

Tune, "Hey, boys, up go we."
(1641.)ALTO. *Allegro.*

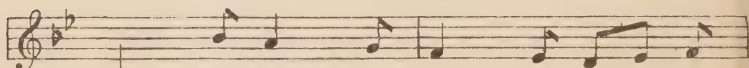
KEY B \flat . } :d₁ | d₁ :- :d | t₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :f₁ :s₁ {

1. Come, brave com-pan - ions, gath - er round, The
2. With wand - 'ring tired in dis - tant parts, To



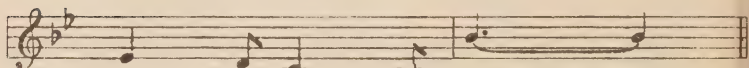
} | f₁ :- :m₁ | r₁ :- :d₁ | d :- :- | - :- :d₁ {

Christ - mas fire is bright, The
Eng - land some have come, And



} | d₁ :- :d | t₁ :- :l₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | m₁ :f₁ :s₁ {

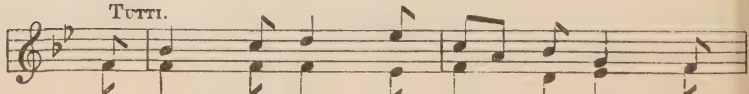
sea - son calls, we feel we're bound To
with them bring the gold - en hearts That



} | f₁ :- :m₁ | r₁ :- :d₁ | d :- :- | - :- ||

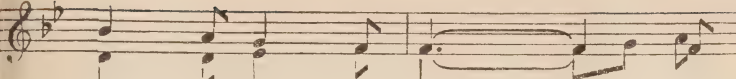
have a mer - ry night.
fond - ly longed for home.

Tutti.

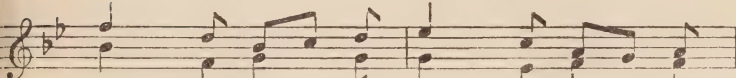


{ :s₁ | d :- :r | m :- :f | r :t₁ :d | l₁ :- :s₁ {
:s₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :f₁ | s₁ :- :m₁ | f₁ :- :s₁ {

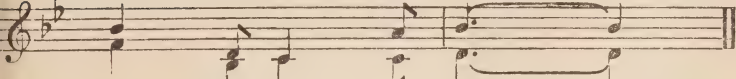
The trou - bles of the day are o'er, Our
And some will leave us soon, for all Are



{ d :- :t₁ | l₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- :s₁ }
 { m₁ :- :m₁ | f₁ :- :s₁ | s₁ :- :- | - :- :l₁ :t₁ }
 hearts are glad and free,
 un - der fate's de - cree ; Per -
 To -



{ s :- :m | d :r :m | f :- :r | t₁ :l₁ :t₁ }
 { d :- :s₁ | l₁ :- :l₁ | l₁ :- :f₁ | s₁ :- :s₁ }
 haps we're doomed to meet no more, So
 inor - row we'll o - bey her call, To -



{ d :- :m₁ | r₁ :- :t₁ | d :- :- | - :- }
 { s₁ :- :d₁ | r₁ :- :r₁ | m₁ :- :- | - :- }
 now let's jo - - vial be!
 night let's jo - - vial be!

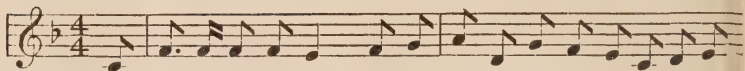


81

Caller Herrin'.

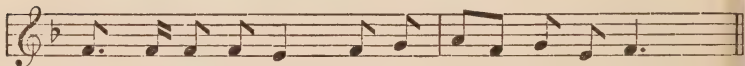
LADY NAIRNE.

NIEL GOW.



KEY \mathbb{F} . { .s₁ | d .,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r | m .l₁ :r .d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ }

Wha'll buy my cal-ler her-rin'? They're bonny fish and halesome farin',



{ | d .,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r | m .d :r .t₁ | d :- . ||

Buy my cal-ler her - rin', New drawn frae the Forth.

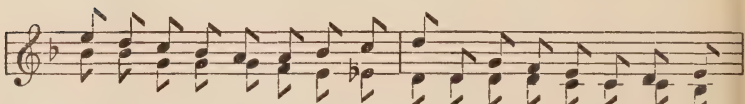


{ .d¹ | t .l :s .f | m .r :d .d¹ | t .l :s .f | m .r :d .d¹ }
 { .m | r .f :t₁ .r | s₁ .t₁ :d .m | r .f :t₁ .r | s₁ .t₁ :d .m }

1. When ye were sleepin' on your pillows, Dream'd ye ought o' our pair fellows

2. O when the creel o' her-rin' passes La-dies clad in silks and la - ces

3. O neebor wives now tent my tellin', When the bonny fish ye're sellin'

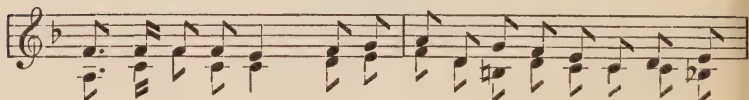


{ | t .l :s .f | m .m :f .s | l .l₁ :r .d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ }
 { | f .f :r .r | r .d :t₁ .ta₁ | l₁ .l₁ :l₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .f₁ }

Darkling as they faced the bil-lows All to fill the woven wil-lows.

Ga-ther in their braw pel-is -ses, Cast their heads and screw their faces.

At ae word be in ye're deal-in' Truth will stand when a' things failin'



{ | d .,d :d .d | t₁ :d .r | m .l₁ :r .d | t₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ }
 { | m₁ .,s₁ :d .s₁ | s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d .l₁ :fe₁ .l₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .f₁ }

Buy my cal-ler her-rin', They're bon-ny fish and halesome far-in',

D.S.

Buy my cal-ler her - rin' New drawn frae the Forth.

SOPRANO SOLO (or a few voices).

Wha'll buy my cal-ler herrin'? They're no brought here without brave darin';

cres.

CHORUS.

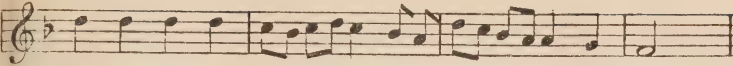
Buy my cal-ler her - rin' Haul'd thro' wind and rain. Wha'll

poco rall.

buy my cal-ler her - rin' ? Oh! ye may ca' them vul-gar far-in';


pp

Wives and mithers maist despair-in' Ca' them lives o' men.




| 1 : 1 | 1 : 1 | s . f : s . l | s : f . m | l . s : f . m | m : r | d : — ||
 bat- tle ra - ges loud and long, And the stormy winds do blow.

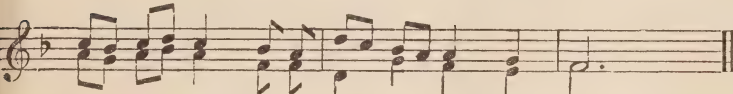
CHORUS (S.C.).



{ | s : — . f | m : m | m : m | r . d : r . m | r : r . m }
 { | r : — . r | d : d | d : d | t₁ . l₁ : t₁ . d | t₁ : t₁ }
 While the storm- y winds do blow, While the



{ | f : f | f : f | m . r : m . f | m : f . s | l : l | l : l }
 { | d : d | r : r | d . t₁ : d . r | d : d . d | d : f | f : f }
 storm- y winds do blow, While the bat- tle ra - ges



{ | s . f : s . l | s : f . m | l . s : f . m | m : r | d : — | — ||
 { | m . r : m . f | m : d . d | l₁ : r | d : t₁ | d : — | — ||
 loud and long, And the storm- y winds do blow

- 3 Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore,
 While the stormy winds do blow,
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

83 Now is the Month of Maying.

THOMAS MORLEY.

THOMAS MORLEY.

S.C. *Allegro moderato.*

KEY G. 8

First staff of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter rest, then a half note A, and a quarter note B. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4. The staff is numbered 8.

1. Now is the month of
 2. The Spring all clad in
 3. Fie, then, why sit we

Second staff of music. The melody continues with a half note C, a quarter note D, a half note E, and a quarter note F#. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4.

May - ing, When mer - ry lads are
 glad - ness Doth laugh at Win - ter's
 mus - ing, Youth's sweet de - light re -

Third staff of music. The melody continues with a half note G, a quarter note A, a half note B, and a quarter note C. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4.

play - ing. Fa la la la la la
 sad - ness. Fa la la la la la
 fus - ing? Fa la la la la la

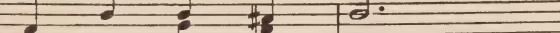
Fourth staff of music. The melody continues with a half note D, a quarter note E, a half note F#, and a quarter note G. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is 4/4.

la la la! Fa la la la la la
 la la la! Fa la la la la la
 la la la! Fa la la la la la

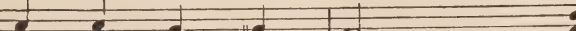
1st time. D.S. || 2nd time. G.

la !
la !
la !

Each
And
Say,



with his bon - ny lass, A -
 to the bag - pipe's sound The
 dain - ty nymphs, and speak, Shall



 f :f | m :m | r :— | — :s .f

 l₁ :r | r :de | r :— | — :r .r

 danc - ing on the grass. Fa la

 nymphs tread out the ground. Fa la

 we play bar - ley break? Fa la



 } m :d | s :— | s₁ .l₁ :t₁ .d | r .m :f
 } d :d | d :t₁ .l₁ | s₁ : | :s₁
 la la la la la la la la la la la la

Musical notation for the first system of 'The Song of the Lark'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 2/4 time signature. The melody consists of five measures: a quarter note G4, a quarter note A4, a dotted quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, and a half note G4. Below the staff, the lyrics 'la la la la la!' are written, with 'la' aligned under each measure. A brace groups the first two measures, and another brace groups the last two measures. The lyrics are: *la la la la la!*

84

Sigh no more, ladies.

SHAKESPEARE.

STEVENS.

Andante. SOLO.

KEY G. } | s : m . d | r . d : | m . f : s {

1. Sigh no more,
2. Sing no more

| f : m | r . d : f . m | m : r . (r) {

la - dies, La - dies, sigh no more,
dit - ties, La - dies, sing no more, Of

| m . m . f : s . m | l . s : . (s) | s . f . m : r . d {

Men were deceiv-ers ev - er, Men were deceiv-ers
dumps so dull and hea - vy, Of dumps so dull and

| r . d : | r : r . r | s :- s {

ev - er; One foot on sea and
hea - vy; The fraud of man was

| d . r : m . f | m . r : . r | m . m : r . d {

one on shore, To one thing con - stant
ev - er so Since sum - mer first was

| r . d : . m | f . m . r . d : t . d | t . l . : {

nev - er, To one thing con - stant nev - er.
leaf - y, Since sum - mer first was leaf - y.

mf CHORUS.

Then sigh not so, But let them go, And

be you blithe and bon-ny, And be you blithe and bon-ny, Con

vert-ing all your sounds of woe, Converting all your sounds of woe To

hey nonny nonny, Hey nonny nonny,

Hey nonny nonny, Hey nonny nonny.

85 It was a lover and his lass.

SHAKESPEARE.

S.C. Allegretto.

Adapted from

THOMAS MORLEY.

mf

KEY F. 1. It was a lov - er and his lass, With a

{ .d ,r | m ,f :s .s | f .m :r ,r ,m }
{ .d | d ,t :d .d | r .d :t . }

hey and a ho and a hey nonny no, And a hey and a

{ | f .f ,s :l .l ,t | d :- .t ,l | s .m ,f :s }
{ : | .d ,r :m .s ,f | m . : .d ,t , }

hey nonny, non-ny no, That through the green corn -

{ | - .f ,m :f .r | d :- .s | s .s :l .s }
{ | l , .r ,d :t , .t , | d :- .d | m .d ,t ,l ,t ,d }

In spring - time, In spring - time, In

{ | f .m :r .r | l :fe . | : .s }
{ | r .d :t , . | : .r | s :m .m }

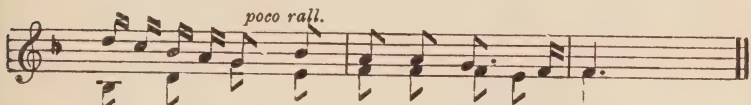
spring - time, The on - ly pret-ty ring time, When

{ | d :l .f | l .s :f .m | s :m .d }
{ | d :d .l , | d .d :t , .d | r .t , :d .d }



birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey
 Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a

{	f	.m	:r	.s		s	f	.m	,r	:d	.d'		d'	t.l	,s	:f	.l	}
{	l,	.d	:t,	.		.	s	:s	f.m	,r	d	.d	:d	t,l	,s,			}



ding a ding a ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.
 ding ding ding, Sweet lov - ers love the spring.

{	l	,s	.f	,m	:r	.f		m	.m	:r	.d		d	:	-	.	
{	f,	.l,	:r	.t,		d	.d	:d	.t,		d	:	-	.			

2 This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
 How that life was but a flower,
 In springtime, &c.

3 And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
 For love is crownèd with the prime,
 In springtime, &c.

SECTION V

Nos. 86 to 100, Instrumental





The Graded Song Book

A Collection of Graded Songs specially chosen to meet the requirements of schools.

6289 JUNIOR BOOK (Unison).

CONTENTS.

From the village steeple pealing	Music everywhere
God save the King	Some folks
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes	Twinkle, twinkle, little star
Good King Wenceslas	What moves in the hay?
Home, sweet Home	White sand and grey sand
I love the merry sunshine	(round)
May Day	Work while you work

And others. Forty-one songs in all.

6290 INTERMEDIATE BOOK (One and Two-part).

CONTENTS.

Ash Grove, The	Hark, the bonny Christchurch
Auld Lang Syne	bells
Bay of Biscay, The	Harp that once, The
Begone, dull Care	Hope will banish sorrow
Caledonia, native land	John Anderson, my Jo
Come, follow me	Last rose of summer, The
Come, let us all a-maying go	Minstrel Boy, The
Come o'er the moonlit sea	Now is the month of maying
Cradle Song (' Little baby, so	Railroad, The
fair ')	Rest, my baby, rest
Dream, baby, dream	Robin Redbreast
Flowers of home, The	Sweet eventide
Good Night	Ye banks and braes

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Arrow and the song, The	O the oak and the ash
Come unto these yellow sands	Smiling Freedom, lovely guest
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